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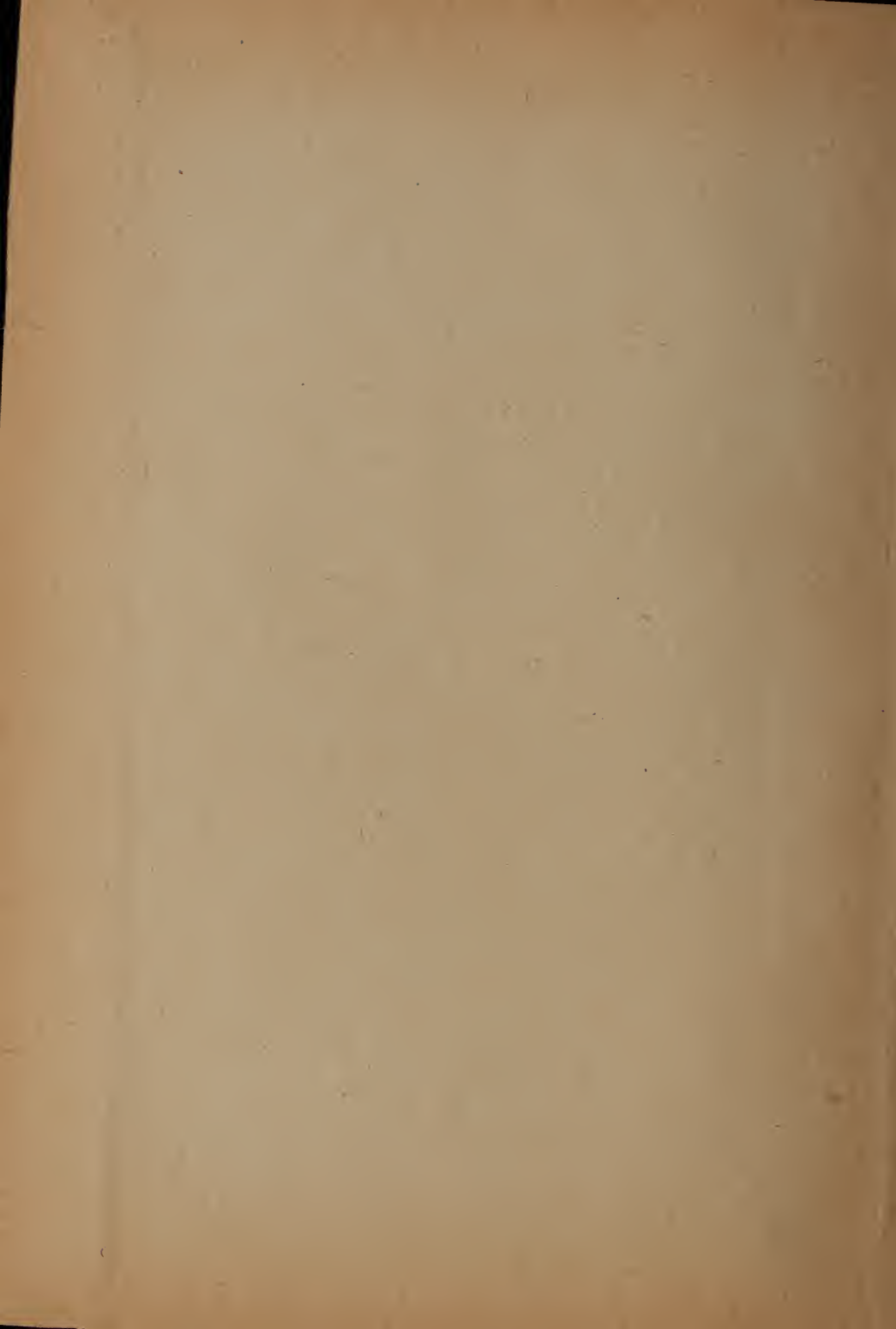


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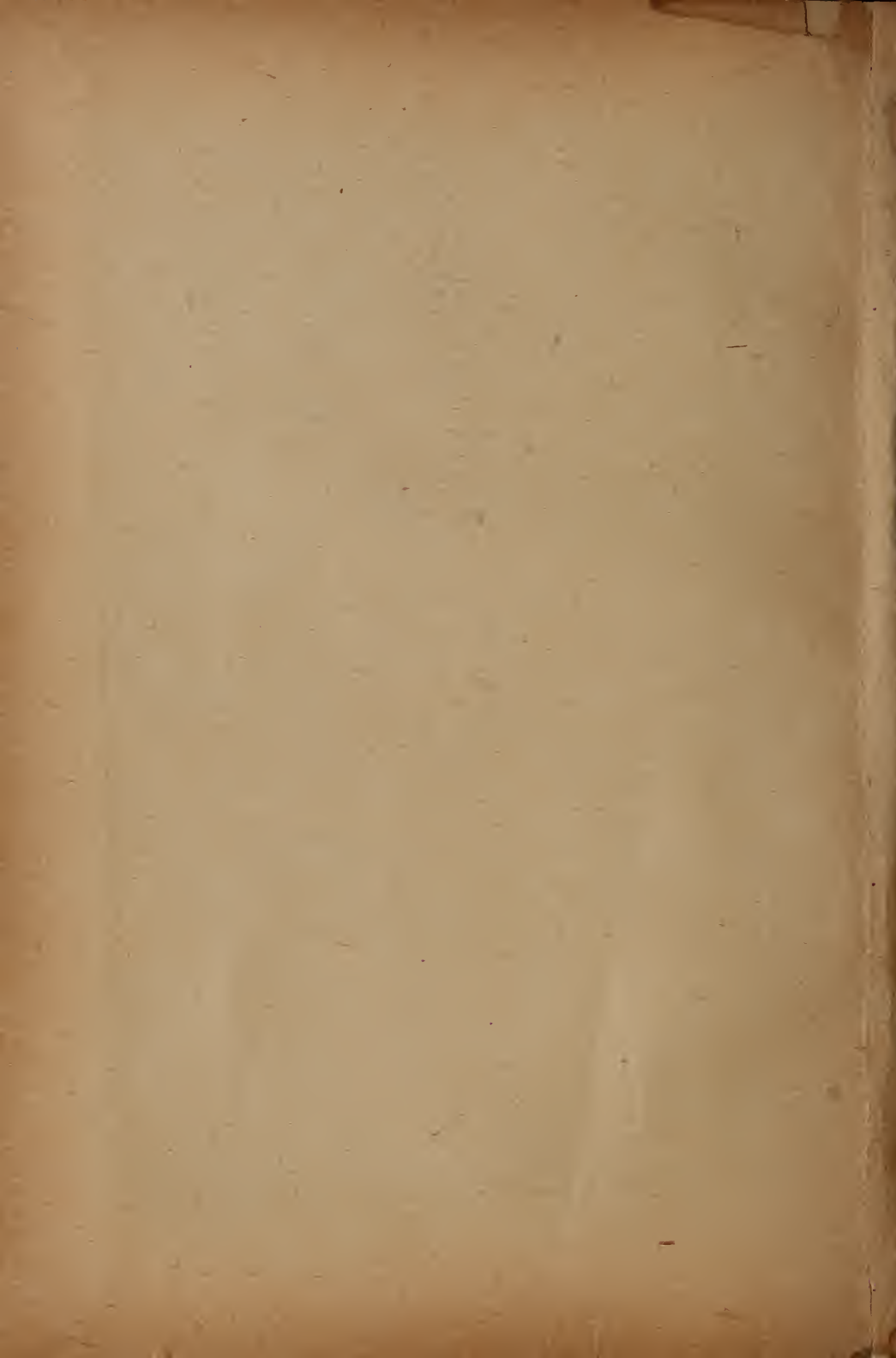
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# TOM FOGARTY

## THE AUTO- BIOGRAPHY OF A CRIMINAL.



AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT. ZECH., 14-7.



1690.

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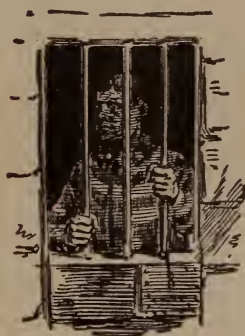


“Give it ‘ere,” said the pompous servant,” Page 70.



# THE STORY OF TOM FOGARTY

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF A CRIMINAL.



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## INTRODUCTORY.

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LIVING, as we are, under the searchlight of modern journalism with its daily, nay, hourly, account of the actual happenings in the world around us, reading, as we so often do, of the arrest and occasional conviction of men, women and even children who are recognized, by those competent to judge, as professional criminals; it will be admitted, we believe, by all having the slightest knowledge of modern sociology, that there is a class, to be found especially in all the great cities of the world, whose whole life is a constant war against society.

Much has been written, and more has been said, upon this subject. It has been the theme of the ablest minds. Both pen and pencil have been employed with wonderful skill in depicting the surroundings of those who follow law-breaking as a profession. The public has been taken into the very homes of crime and shown the inner life of the dwellers in the Alsatia of our day. But, because of existing conditions, it has always been a look from the

outside into a gloomy interior. And though the interior be lighted by the vivid imagination of a Bulwer or described by the facile pen of a Dickens or a Sue, yet by reason of early training or home environment it is impossible for them to enter fully into the actual life of a single member of the class known as professional criminals.

The class exists. Its existence is at once a shame and menace to society. The writer is thoroughly familiar with it, being, unfortunately, to the manor born and having passed far more years than the average life of man as a member of this class in its various grades. Because of this fact, he feels competent to speak on this subject; not as a physician to offer a cure, but as one who inherited and suffered from the disease of crime, but is today, by God's grace, every whit whole.

Divest yourself for a time of all prejudice—all feeling of caste, that is so natural whenever the subject of crime or criminals is approached. Put on a large-hearted and Christ-like charity, and in the hope of ultimate good to all, let us go among these Ishmaelites and view their daily lives, not as lookers on in Venice, but as actual participants in the scenes.



# TOM FOGARTY.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CRIMINAL.

### CHAPTER I.

"All of which I saw, and part of which I was."



KINCH.

A half-hundred years ago, Central London wore a far different aspect from that it wears today. Especially that portion of it known as Westminster. The Almonry (or the "Hambrey," as the Cockney delighted to call it), the old place of refuge under the shadow of the Abbey, had not been torn down to give place to the

huge, modern hotel that today stands in its stead. The daylight and air that came into the slums with the cutting through of that great thoroughfare, Victoria street, was then unknown. The whole neighborhood from Westminster bridge to Touthillfields, and from Charles street to Great Peter street, was one awful nest of infamy and crime, whence brood after brood was sent forth to prey upon society.

In those days on St. Anne's street, very near where Pie street entered it, there stood an old-time public house called "The Three Feathers." A few doors north was another old house differing from its neighbors both in height and general appearance. Its peaked windows were glazed with small diamond-shaped panes of glass in a leaden sash. It had a wonderful garret running away up into the high-pointed, slate-covered roof. The rear part of the house was one story lower than the front, and the back part of the roof sloped away down toward the untidy, barren yard. Passing through the back window into the broad gutter, one found it an easy matter to drop to the ground below, or climb the adjoining houses on either side. Step into the shelter of this doorway a few moments with me, and let us take notes.

Horrible smell? Yes, that comes from the establishment in front of which we are standing. The rag doll, noisily creaking as it swings from the rusty iron bar over our heads, tells even more plainly than the faded letters of the painted sign over the door that here, Rags, Bones, Bottles and Old Iron are articles of merchandise. Have you anything else that you care to dispose of without any impertinent questions being asked? 'Tis the standing boast of Brocky Quinn, the proprietor, that "no gent needn't never go no vhere else with nothink, pervidin' 'e's willin' to live and let live, and keep 'e's bloomin' mouth shut."

A fine, oily, bloated specimen of the genus "fence" is Mr. Quinn. As the short November day is already drawing to a close, we will defer our introduction to him to some future time. We shall probably know him better (or rather, worse,) before this narrative closes.

Across the way, the door of the "Feathers" swings open, and a boy comes out. A sharp-featured lad, wearing, already, that peculiar expression of watchfulness in the eye that is only found in the face of a rat or a hunted criminal. He is fairly but slovenly clad; and moves with quiet swiftness. He enters our diamond-latticed house. Let us use our prerogative, and enter with him.

The door opens on a narrow flight of stairs. Up these he goes two or three at a step, carefully holding something under his tight-fitting coat.

Turning abruptly to the right, at the head of the stairs, he opens a door and is immediately met by the inquiry, embellished with an oath:

"Wot kep' yer s'long?"

The boy draws a large bottle of rum from under his coat and, without a word, places it upon the table near which two men are sitting, then slips quietly into a corner near the open fire-place.

The speaker eyes him for a moment angrily, but his attention is called to his companion, who says:

"Never mind the boy, Billy, he's all

right; open up that bottle and let's have a pull. Here, old woman, give us something to drink out of."

A woman rises from the side of a bed upon which she has been sitting and, with a child upon her arm, walks over to a cupboard, brings out two tumblers and places them on the table beside the bottle. The larger of the two men rapidly fills the glasses, and as they lift them to their lips, let us glance at their surroundings.

The room is very large, stretching from front to rear of the house. It evidently serves all the purposes of the household, being at once, bed-room, parlor and dining room. The furniture is fairly good, but appears to be made up of pieces taken from a dozen different sets, no two being alike in appearance or material.

The attention is drawn to the large number of books that are scattered all over the room in careless profusion. They vary in size, but all have a peculiar family resemblance. There is a heap of them on the table; one large one is held open on the knee of one of the men; in fact, they are in evidence all over the room.

The woman has resumed her seat on the bed, holding the baby closely to her breast, her eyes turning occasionally to the men at the table. She is slight of build, delicate of feature, with a gentle, quiet air about her that makes her seem out of place in this room. In age, she appears to be about thirty years, though there are



odd moments as she smiles down upon the child in her lap, when she seems much younger. Her face would be very comely under certain conditions, but her left cheek is marked with a scar running up



"THEY TREMBLE PITIFULLY AS HE RAISES THE TUMBLER."

and down from the cheek-bone to the mouth.

Of the men sitting at the table, the larger of the two is evidently the master of the house. He is not a large man, but is built for strength. He is full and deep in the chest, and light in the flanks. His

hands are well formed, and indicate great nervous strength, but they tremble pitifully as he raises the tumbler.

Looking upon the brow and noble breadth of forehead alone, one would have said: here should be a scholar—a thinker, but the veins at the temple corded by passion; the bibulous mouth and the lines of dissipation that mark the face, plainly indicate that here is one who is “passion’s slave,” whose life is worse than wasted.

The other man is smaller and weaker by far. He might best be described as commonplace, were it not for the intense look of cunning and cruelty his features display. The close-set, restless eyes that almost touch each other; the wolf-like jaw, forever snapping nervously at unseen morsels; the pointed ears, reaching so far above the line of the eyes, all help to give to his face an expression of crafty villainy that renders it almost unique. There is a slight noise outside, and as he swiftly turns his face in the direction of the sound, the hunted look, barely perceptible in the boy’s face, is brought out here to perfection.

In various police courts throughout the land, he has answered to the name of William Jackson. To his intimates, he is known as Foxy Jackson, and they unblushingly speak of him to his face as the Fox. He reaches over to the bottle and refills his emptied glass. As he does so, the other speaks.

"Well, now to finish this "dodge" before we get any more lush in us. The name of the "cot" is Paul's Cray,— it seems to me that stuff is very weak? He'd better go to the Black Horse for the next"—

"No, don't yer think it," breaks in the Fox. "Yer carn't git anythink like es



WILLIAM JACKSON, "THE FOX."

good in ther Black 'Orse. It's ther kid thet's done it." Turning sharply to the boy he asks: "Wotger git? Four p'ny?"

"No," is the reply, "fi' penny,—wotger send me fur?"

Jackson rises angrily to his feet with an oath bursting from his lips, but the other

man interposes. Placing his hand heavily on Jackson's shoulder, he says sternly: "Sit down and keep quiet. Don't allow yourself to forget that you are in my room and my wife is present. If you want to whip the kid, do it at home."

'T's orl 'right, Mr. Fogarty. I 'ope I knows wots doo to you and yer lady. But, jes wait till I git cher 'ome, Kinch; Hi'll show yer the diff'rence 'tween fi'penny an' four-p'ny rum. See 'fi don't."

The boy sits quietly in the corner, merely looking fixedly at his father with contempt and anger marked on his weazened face. As the Fox ceases speaking, he turns toward the fire again.

Fred Fogarty picks up the book he had dropped upon the table and, opening it, he resumes the broken thread of his explanations.

"Now, if we're all right again, we'll get to work once more.

"There can be no mistake—everything is straightforward and plain as a pike-staff. Give me that Court Guide, Kate."

Mrs. Fogarty hands him a clean, red-covered book that she picks up from the top of a pile under the front window.

"Here y'are. Edward Philpot Walpole," he reads, "057 Hanover Square. Country house; Mary's Cray, Kent, and Bally-Potteen, Galway, Ireland. There's the whole thing in a nutshell. Have you got the certificate?"

"Yes," is the answer. "I've got it 'ere in



this bit er paper. Wot's the name of ther brother at Paul's Cray, agin'? Maylock? Ho, yes, I'll write it down. There; John Maylock; butcher. 'Es sister, Halice, was"—

"Stop!" thunders Fogarty, springing to his feet with an oath. "Why, you drunken fool, you're getting worse. When you get a couple of drinks in you, you can't remember your own name. Her name is not Alice, but Sarah Maylock. Understand?"

While speaking, the veins on his temples have stood out like whip-cords, and his wife, drawing the child closer to her, has moved away quietly to the other end of the room. We freely admit Mr. Frederick W. Fogarty is not an agreeable sight when angry.

"Yes; I'm on orl right," says Jackson, humbly. "B'fore she married the late diseast, she worked for this 'ere Walpole's harnt, Miss—vots 'er name? 'Old on, I know. Miss Halice at Mary's Cray. That's thirteen years ago; 's that right?"

"Go on; what about the Fletchers, her husband's people?" asks Fogarty.

"Well, 'es people orl live at Paul's Cray. A brother of 'es married a relashun of the hundertaker Scott; 'nd there's Bunce, ther grocer, 'nd Sweeny, ther tailor, 'nd Reverund Mister Hadams, as is rector. That's anuff fer hanybody, hain't it?"

"It ought to be," says Fogarty, mollified. "Well, here is the Dodge. It ought to bring five pounds. Don't come back with less than two quid. Hold on, I'll age it a

little. Kate, give me some bread." She hands him a piece of bread. He opens out the large official-looking document, which is partly printed and partly written, with a huge seal in red wax upon it. He looks keenly at the list of names affixed to the lower portion, each apparently written in a different handwriting, in different colored inks and with various amounts set opposite each name. He appears satisfied as he lays it open on his knee and commences to rub it vigorously with the bread crumbs. In a short time it has lost its fresh appearance, and looks as if it had passed through many hands. Folding it up, he encloses it, together with a smaller letter, in a large envelope. Then, taking up a quill pen, which he tests carefully on another sheet of paper, he writes the direction on the envelope in firm, business-like characters.

"There we are, all ship-shape. Now, home you go, Billy. Don't stop at the 'Feathers.' Remember, I have other work for you tomorrow afternoon. I want you to go out to St. John's Wood with Welsh Poll."

"She tol' me," says Jackson, reaching again for the nearly empty bottle, "I'll go 'ome farst e'nuff, 'nd I'll be at 'Anover Square by 'arf arter nine in the mornin.'"

"Oh, by the way," Fogarty says, "they have a new man on at Red Lion Square. His name is Fryor, and Billy Ashford told me today we would probably have to

square him, so you had better save a few pennies, for you will surely meet him before many days."

The Fox breaks out into fearful oaths and imprecations upon the heads of the Red Lion Square officials in general, and this one in particular. In the midst of it a heavy step sounds on the stairs, the door is pushed open, and a well-built, fresh-complexioned man of about thirty, enters. He is dressed in the fatigue uniform of one of Her Majesty's regiments, and looks every inch a soldier.

As he strides into the room with a word of greeting to those present, a little boy slips in behind him, and makes a futile attempt to reach the fire-place unnoticed; but Fogarty appears to have seen the child before he steps from behind the newcomer. Rising to his feet as if to greet the soldier, he steps lightly to the right, then, with a rapid motion of the arm, he grasps the boy by the collar and with one swing sends him whirling and trembling over to the front window, while a faint cry, quickly suppressed, breaks from the mother's lips.

"How are you, George?" says Fogarty, taking no more notice of the child, who begins to pick up and arrange the scattered books. "When did you get back and what luck did you have?"

"O, th' best o' luck, and I got back yesterday," replies George. "'Ow are yer, Mrs. Fogarty? 'Ow's the baby? I met

Tommie at the corner o' Pie street," he continues, "so we come in together. 'Ow's all your family, Billy?"

"Oh, they're orl right, Mr. Biddle," says the Fox, "honly this 'ere Kinch. I carn't make nothink hout of 'im. I've done hev'rythink, and it don't do no good. Vell, I mus' toddle 'ome."

With a parting injunction to Kinch to be at home as soon as he is, the Fox takes his crafty visage out through the door, and glides almost noiselessly down the stairs and out into the dark, foggy streets.

Rapid as his movements are, they are more than equaled by the boy, Kinch, who has followed him out, and who manages to keep very near him, though unseen in the fog. As he turns the corner of Orchard street, a few minutes later, he is met by a heavily-built man who, with one word of greeting, steps quickly into a near doorway. Without a pause, Jackson proceeds on his way a few paces, then wheels abruptly, and retracing his steps—his eyes striving to pierce the fog on every side—he darts into the same entry, where he stands for one moment motionless and watchful. Apparently satisfied, he walks back into the passage, muttering a curse as he goes, and is swallowed up in the gloom. Had he but known that Kinch, the despised; Kinch, worthy son of such a sire, was close at his heels keenly observant, Mr. Jackson's feelings would have undergone a marked change for the worse.



## CHAPTER II.

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT."



HAVE something for you," says Fogarty to Biddle, as the soldier stands chatting with Mrs. Fogarty. "I suppose you got my message. I sent word by

Tinker Madden, who was going down into Kent, and I told little Billy Pitts to tell you I wanted you."

"Yes, I got word at Medstun all right. The Tinker fetched me word. I couldn't come at once, 'cause I was on a lay for Dublin Carroll and 'es pal. They pulled it orff 'nd I made five quid hout of it."

"Let's go down to the Feathers for a while," says Fogarty abruptly. "Come here, Tom. Kate, give him both those lists. Look them up," this to the boy who stands silent and attentive "and then go to bed. When I come home I may have something to say to you. Come on, George."

As they go down the stairs together the boy, Tom, moves over to his mother's knee and as she sits on the bedside he leans lightly against her. He is but a child; only in his tenth year, yet so old in sin, so old in knowledge of vice and crime, though a novice, as yet, in its practice.

The mother's arm swings around the boy's form, and for one short moment it seems as if both were going to break down in tears. The moment passes, and as the boy turns his face to the light, let us examine his features. A wonderfully precocious head. A head so fully developed about the temples and forehead, that its appearance is abnormal. Yet how very weak the whole of the lower face? How easy to read there the inexorable sentence, "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel." Tom Fogarty, my little lad, as you stand there beside your mother's knee, knowing what we do of your environment, we are compelled to say that your lot in life is not an enviable one.

While we are musing, the boy has taken the list from his mother, and is now working away among the books. He dips into one marked "THE HOME COUNTIES." Turns to a paper and rapidly scribbles down some names. Taking up another with the title, "MIDLAND COUNTIES," he goes through the same operation. Anon he selects "BURKE'S PEERAGE," and wades through name after name of the nobility, jotting down one occasionally on a sheet of paper. And so he goes on for hours. He appears to enjoy the work, after he has got started. Now and then he pauses to answer some question asked by the mother, or tell of some exciting event of the day. It is very evident that mother and son understand and love each other,

despite the character of their life and surroundings. Again he leaves his work and strives, successfully, to quieten and amuse the fretful baby by little playful antics and songs. But he returns each time to his task with seemingly increased vigor and works on industriously down the long list of names, whistling, under his breath, an accompaniment to the lullaby song of the mother. What is he doing? A difficult question, but we will strive to give a lucid answer to it.

Among the various grades or sub-classes into which professional criminals the world over are divided, there is one that is known among themselves as "Lurkers." In London, a regular bureau of detective police is maintained for their detection and conviction. This is the famous Mendicity Society of Red Lion Square. They (the lurkers) are strongly banded together. They work together. How do they work? Here is one case for example: Alexander Percy Smythe Ashfellows, late of Eton, has just been gazetted as ensign or cornet in a crack regiment. He has taken chambers in the Albany, and has already the entree to several clubs. Fresh from the schools, he is eagerly taking in everything in town.

One morning his valet announces a lady caller, "Mrs. Watson, of Bedford." "Bedford? Why, that is right near home. Show her in," says simple Alexander. Enter a middle-aged woman, wearing the garb of a

widow and looking like one of the better class of house servants.

Addressing him as Young Master Alexander, she immediately pours into his astonished ears a number of questions concerning Hatton, his home, and its immediate vicinity. She asks him how long it is since he was there—asks if Brown, the blacksmith, is married again, as she 'ad 'eard as 'ow 'es fust wife was dead. Then, before he can answer, she rushes him over to Bedfont, where his Aunt Smythe lives. She even recalls to his memory the name of the cooper in whose shop he cut his hand so badly during that vacation he spent at his aunt's place at Bedfont. "Dear me, how long ago that seems to be. Why, this is splendid." Then when he begins, in the warmth of his heart, to ask all manner of questions, he finds out that the man she married, and for whom she left her pleasant country home, has just died after a long illness, leaving her almost destitute. This much he gathers from her rapid talk as she occasionally wipes away a tear. Of course, she could go back home, but certain people who knew her husband have been very good to her. An opportunity has presented itself for her to purchase the stock and fixtures of a small store, just in the line for which she is best adapted.

Some kind friends have started a subscription in her behalf and "would you b'lieve it, Marster Halexander, they've



'orlmos' got the 'ole amount horlready. 'Ere's ther list, you see, sir, with orl ther names an' amounts, an' I was goin'"—

"Let's have a look at it," says tender-hearted Alexander. "John Jermyn, £5," he reads. "Lady Ellen Blixby, 3 guineas. Miss Mum-mum. Eh! What's this? 'Captain and Mrs. Griswold, £5' Why, look here, Mrs. Watson, Captain Griswold; why, you know, he is one of ours. Eh? Why, certainly. How much are you short? Oh, is that all?" And then, although the doings of the last few weeks have very nearly drained him, yet, in such a good cause, with his Captain's example before him, and her coming from home, as it were; out comes the little check-book on Drummond or Coutts and a check for enough to cover the shortage, with, perhaps, a couple of pounds over, soon bears the signature of our very young friend, Alexander. Mrs. Watson allows very little time to elapse before the check is presented and cashed.

Meanwhile, our little friend, Tom Fogarty, is busily engaged looking up new facts and new names for Mrs. Watson, or others of that ilk, to present to other Alexanders. How easy, how simple, when the newspapers and directories furnish all the information needed. This is only one phase of lurking, but while the details vary, the manner of procedure is about the same, and the results identical.

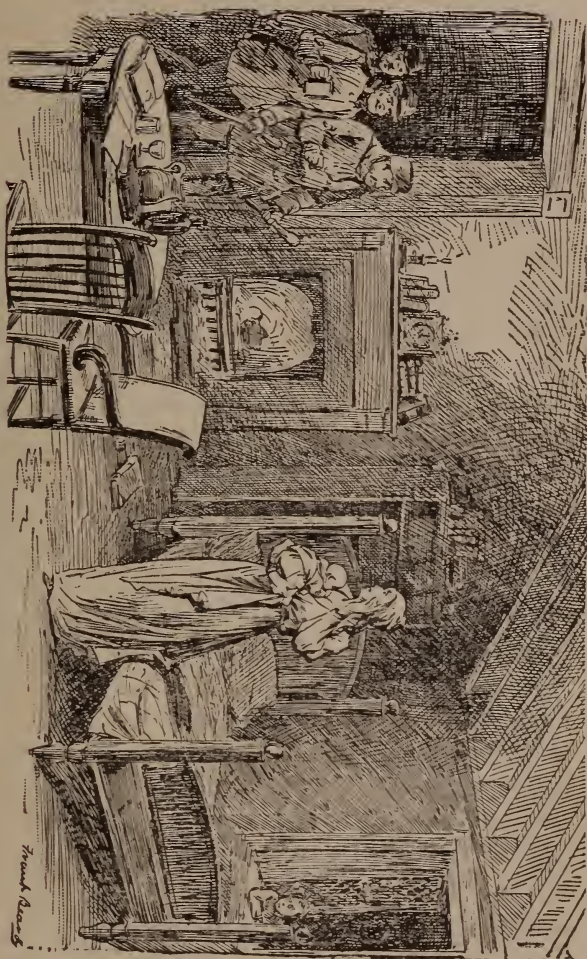
At last, Tom has completed his task, and his muttered "There, that's done," brings

an answering smile from mother. He now sits bent over at the table very intently reading a dilapidated paper-covered book that he has drawn forth from an inner pocket. Mrs. Fogarty has spoken to him more than once, telling him that he had better go to bed before the father's return, but he reads on, barely answering her gentle requests or suggestions. She is reclining on the bed, and appears to be dozing. Everything is so quiet, that one may hear the strains of the chorus they are singing in the tap-room of the Feathers.

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer," they sing, "No More of Idle Sorrow." Certainly not; why think any more of sorrow while the quart pots of beer are being passed from hand to hand. Poor, faded little woman lying there counting the hours; their singing brings but little comfort to your weary heart.

Look at the boy! A moment since he was so deeply immersed in the book that he appeared as one dead or asleep. See him now. What is it? What has changed him so in an instant? He has barely raised his head a few inches without moving his body, and yet every inch of him seems to be instinct with watchful attention. Slowly and carefully he turns his head and looks keenly at his mother's form. A faint creaking on the landing outside and, like a flash, he is up and away to the rear window, which he quietly unfastens. Then,

"THREE MEN PUSH THEIR WAY INTO THE ROOM."





as the door opens suddenly, and three men push their way into the room, evidently expecting to meet resistance, Tom, with one comprehensive glance at the men, almost unconsciously noting in the same moment the white face of his mother, startled from her doze—how vividly the scar shows now against that pale face—slips quietly out into the gutter and the foggy darkness of the night.

The well-to-do, respectable citizen, sitting in his comfortable home at ease, with his favorite paper before him, reads, with a shudder of horror, the awful record of youthful depravity and crime that blots its daily pages. Looking around at his own little ones; fenced in, as they are, by the loving, watchful care of the mother, and trained by his daily precept and example, he marks their growth, and the promise of future right living that is indicated by their present daily life and conduct. His heart is filled with thankfulness to Almighty God for blessing him with such dutiful and good-dispositioned children, while he wonders how it is possible for these others to be so utterly vicious and depraved.

How can we expect other results from the conditions prevailing? Born, as so many of them are, into an atmosphere of vice and crime; cursed ere their birth by the evil lives and habits of their parents; surrounded in childhood by bad example and even lawless teachings, what must be

the natural effect from such vile causes? The wonder is that such a horrible state of affairs should be permitted to exist and even flourish in the shadows, while the rest of the world goes gaily and heedlessly forward boasting of the light of the glorious gospel of Christ.

God speed the day when every Christian shall recognize the danger that surrounds his own home and loved ones, as long as this cesspool of immorality is permitted to taint the air with its death-dealing foulness; and when all shall thoroughly know the application of those words of Jesús:

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Ah, me. Poor little Tom. So very young in years; so old and wise in sin. God pity you and all of your kind.

The heavy, London fog has settled like a sombre pall, covering everything with its mantle of darkness, but Tom needs no light for the task before him, as he slides rapidly down the slate-covered roof into the gutter. He is familiar with every inch of the way. Time and again has he gone over it for amusement; heedless of his mother's gentle reproof; risking his father's anger and the punishment it entailed. He finds the practice useful now, and as he hurries along the gutter, he laughs inwardly, and his heart glows within him as he thinks of the opportunity he has to help thwart

the plans of the common enemy, the officers of justice.

Now, he is at the corner and, without a moment's hesitation, he grasps the heavy spout and swings off into space. There is no danger; his foot finds the ledge that enables him to let go above and gain new hand-hold lower down. So—with hand and foot taking every advantage offered, he easily and safely reaches the ground. Without a moment's loss of time he is up and over the walls that intervene, and, in less time than it has taken to record the fact, he stands breathless but exultant, at the back door of the tap-room of "The Feathers."

Someone has just finished a song, and the quart pots are rattling on the tables in applause, or as a sign that they need replenishing. Under cover of the din, Tom opens the door and slips in unnoticed. The air is dense with fog and tobacco smoke, and fairly reeks with a stench that is a compound of sawdust, stale beer and filth.

On the north side of the room, near the open fire-place, there is a wide, heavy door, covered with green-baize and studded with brass-headed nails. Tom, after a rapid glance at the noisy occupants of the tap-room, walks boldly over to this door and, pushing it open, he enters a short, dim-lit passage. On through a smaller door at the farther end he goes, and stands in the presence of his father.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE TRIO AT THE FEATHERS.



HERE are three men in the room, seated at a table. As the door swings open, two of them start hurriedly to their feet. Recognizing the boy, however, one of them slowly seats himself again.

"What's up, Tom?" says Fogarty. As he asks the question, George Biddle tightens his belt and moves toward a smaller door in the corner of the room.

"Cops in the 'ouse," is the boy's answer. Then he rapidly relates his story, while every nerve in his body seems to throb with delight because he feels that he is aiding in the defeat of the representatives of the law.

"What does this mean, Brocky? This is a new caper." Fogarty, as he speaks, turns his eyes on the coarse, ill-looking man who has just settled back into his chair, watchful and attentive of every word and action of the others. His bloated, pendulous cheeks are deeply scarred from the ravages of small-pox. His whole form is indicative of grossness and sensuality, the evil effect of which is further heightened by the vicious gleam of his deep-sunken, beady eyes.



Without rising, he turns his face laboriously towards Tom and, in a hoarse, wheezy tone, he asks:

"Vos they Red Lion Square, Tommy?"

The boy looks at his father as he answers quickly and with decision:

"No, they're Peelers."

Fogarty and Biddle look knowingly at each other.

"Yer sure they didn't git onto yer comin' 'ere?" asks the soldier of the boy.

"Trust him for that," says Fogarty. "Besides, if they had piped him off, they'd be at his heels when he came in here. I suppose it's you they're after. They must have been on the lay for you, and saw you enter my place."

Turning to Mr. Quinn, he continues:

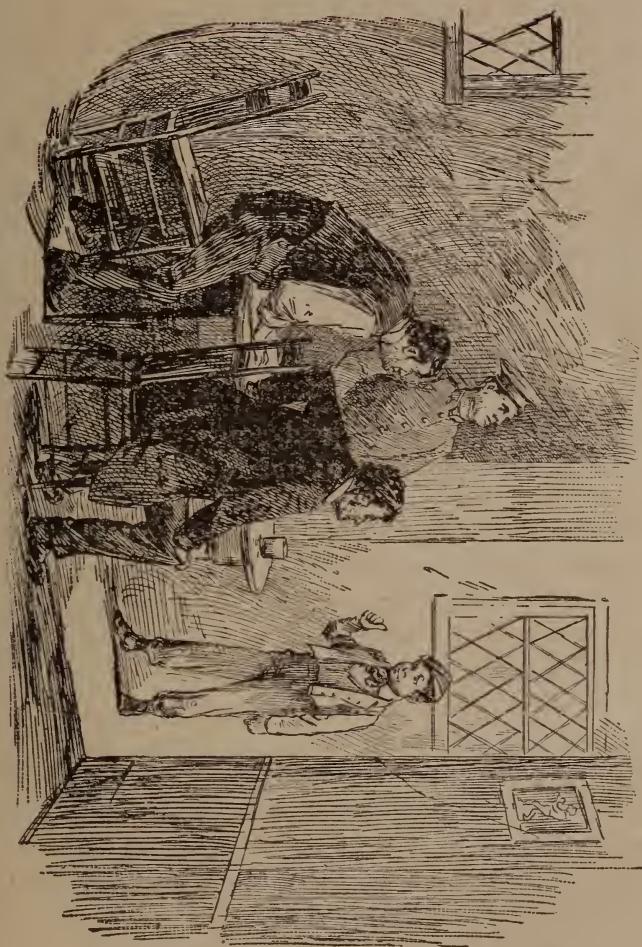
"I can't understand, for the life of me, how a shadow could work on St. Anne's street without some of your kids giving you the word. What's the matter with your force? If you're losing your hold, I want to know it."

"Now, Fred—er—that is—Mr. Fogarty, don't you go for to think nothink like that. Hi've got my heyes out orl right near 'ome, and this 'ere pinch—if 'tis a pinch—is bein' worked by summun thinside, who give the orfice that George was hup at your 'ouse, and not by no houtsider or shadder." As Quinn wheezes out these remarks, he attentively watches the faces of his hearers.

"Nothin' of ther kind! There carnt nobody 'ave done no such thing," protests



"NO; THEY'RE PEIERS."



the soldier. "I wes werry careful about that, and didn't leave 'ome till near dark. B'sides, w'en I got hover the bridge 'twas so foggy you couldn't see yer 'and afore yer, and I'd like to see anybody shadder me such a hevenin' as this is."

Fogarty lifts the half-filled glass of liquor from the table and slowly sips its contents, while his face indicates that he is engaged in serious thought.

"Did anyone see you down there at Maidstone?" he asks of Biddle. "Can they rap to you if you get pinched?"

"W'y, yes, course they can. I was in th' 'ouse at Medstun a talkin' to ther slavey a 'arf dozen times or more. I took 'er 'nd a friend of 'ers, wots 'ousemaid in a 'joinin' 'ouse; I took 'em both to ther theayter a couple o' times; but that don't signerfy nothink. Hi've got rid of ther swag 'nd nobody never saw me with either Carroll or Blacky down there. B'sides, I was at Chatham the night the trick was turned. That I can prove."

"Hi don't see no reason for worryin'" breaks in Quinn. "You aint pinched yet, 'nd as ther kid didn't 'ear no names named, p'r'aps they're arfter summun helse. One thing's sure, they earn't rap to the stuff 'cos hit went hinter ther meltin' pot afore I come hover 'ere."

Young Tom has picked up a "Times" from the table and sits apparently absorbed in its contents, but, in reality, he has been taking in every word.

Young though he is, yet his education along certain lines has been so thorough that he has no difficulty in understanding that a burglary has been committed at Maidstone, in Kent. That "Soldier George," because of his captivating appearance, has been sent down ahead to make the acquaintance of the servant-maids and obtain the necessary information as to the place of deposit of various valuables, also as to the easiest and surest road to get at them. He knows that the swag, or plunder, has been divided, and that George has turned his share over to Mr. Quinn, who has paid for it and placed it in his melting pot. A truly wonderful pot it is, too.

Once, some few months before this, through the good offices of his pal, Kinch Jackson, Tom was permitted to look down into Brocky's laboratory when the melting process was going on at full blast.

The boys were in imminent danger at the moment, for had Quinn discovered them, the result would have been broken bones, at the least. Yet, at the thought of the sight of the silver bowls, pitchers and other articles of value, that he saw curl up and melt before his astonished eyes that night, he longs for another peep at that pot, despite the danger.

Fogarty pulls a bell-rope that is pendant from the center of the ceiling, then turning to the others says:

"Well, I'm going to have another, and then I'm off home, Kate knows how to



stand those fellows off." Then to the pot-boy, who comes, in answer to his ring: "Bring me another half-quartern o' rum, warm with—what'll you have?"

George orders "the same," but Quinn apologetically says they must "hexcuse" him, and begins to wheeze out his reasons for not drinking any more, but he is cut short by Fogarty who says, with an oath:

"There—that'll do. Drink, or let it alone; only shut up about it, and don't spoil other people's pleasure with your croaking."

Quinn rubs his fat, oily hands together and chuckles noisily, as if enjoying a good joke; but there is a snaky glitter in his little beady eyes as they turn to Fogarty, that bodes no good for that individual should opportunity offer.

The liquor is brought and drunk, and is paid for by Quinn, despite a rather feeble protest on the part of Fogarty. Then, after a few words of council as to the best course to be taken by Biddle, Fogarty, calling Tom to his side, passes into the passage through the smaller door and out to the street without entering the crowded tap-room, where the noisy revelers are still making the night hideous with their ribald choruses.

"Did you know either of 'em, Tom? I suppose you didn't stay to get a good look at 'em," says the father as they step into the gloomy street.

"I only know they was Peelers," is the

reply, "and one of 'em used to be"—he pauses, and the pressure of his little fingers on the hand of Fogarty causes that worthy to instantly pull him into the nearest door-way, as he asks in a low, sharp tone, "What's up?" Before Tom can reply, young Jackson steps out of the fog from behind them with the question, "His there a pinch hup at your 'ouse?"

"Yes," answers Fogarty. "Why?"

"'Cos I knowed there would be, and hi've been pipin' a fly-collar wots stannin' hover in front of Brocky's a watchin' your 'ouse for the larst 'arf 'our."

Fogarty draws both boys deeper into the passage-way, and with a few skillful questions learns from Kinch all he has seen and all he has surmised as to his father's meeting with the strangers on Orchard street.

Then, grasping Tom tightly by the arm, with hard-set jaw and a firm, stern look of determination on his whole face, he goes on his way to face the invaders of his house.

Young Jackson and Tommy barely touch each other as they part, yet each one knows that the other, like himself, is overjoyed at the prospect of seeing a row.

Excellent specimens of youthful precocity. Crooked twigs in the plantation of society.



## CHAPTER IV.

### BOWDERS CAPTURES HIS MAN.



ON'T be afraid, Mrs. Fogarty," says the leader of the men who, so unceremoniously, entered her room. 'Don't be afraid. We don't want you, nor Fred.'

His quick glance over the apartment takes in the window left open by Tom. With an inward curse at his own stupidity and neglect, he turns a look full of meaning at one of his subordinates, who, immediately, hurries down the stairs.

"What is your business here, men?" asks Mrs. Fogarty. "I see that you are policemen, but that doesn't justify you in entering a private dwelling in this manner. If Mr. Fogarty were here, you wouldn't have dared to force your way in as you have."

"Beggin' your pardon; yes we would, Mrs. Fogarty," returns the officer.

"We ain't a goin' to do you no 'arm, but we're arfter Soldier George, and we 'ad information that he was 'ere.

"Sit down, mum," he continues, "and don't you think, for a minute, that we're goin' to 'urt you. But I'd like to harsk you 'ow long is it sence George left 'ere?"

Mrs. Fogarty has seated herself: as he ceases speaking, she says:

"You haven't been long on the force or you'd know better than to ask me such questions. George, as you call him, is not here. You can satisfy yourself of that fact by examining the room, then I will ask you to leave, as I expect my husband home shortly, and there will probably be trouble if he finds you here."

"That's orl right," is the reply; we'll run the chances on that. 'Ow long did George stay 'ere? Come, Mrs. Fogarty, you know we aint got no hillwill 'gainst Mr. Heff—it's the hother way. We rarther hadmire 'im; so you don't 'ave to fear that hany-think we learns from you will do 'im 'arm. Quite contrariwise, mum, it'll honly 'elp 'im."

Knowing the fierce, ungovernable temper of her husband, and expecting, every moment, to hear the sound of his returning footsteps, she can only press more closely to her form the baby she is holding, and strive to steady herself by humming a lullaby to the child.

"Did he go hout with Fred, mum?" asks the officer.

"Since you say some one informed you that he came in here, you'd better ask—"

At this moment a shrill whistle sounds from the street below. Without waiting to hear the rest of her words, both men make for the door and go lumbering heavily down stairs. At the street entrance they meet Fogarty who, hailing the leader by the name of Bowders, curtly de-

mands of him the meaning of their visit. Bowders attempts to explain that they were not looking for him—that they were rather disposed to be friendly to him—that they had heard that a party they wanted had been there—but he will listen to none of their explanations. He, brusquely, orders them out; telling them, with oaths, to emphasize the words, the reception they would have got had he been at home, and what they might expect should their visit be repeated.

“If you want anybody or anything, in my house, come, with proper authority, and get it: but if you, Bowders, or any other man, think you can walk into my place at your own sweet will, just try it on and see where you’ll come out.”

He turns from them as he utters these words and walks leisurely up-stairs where his wife, with Tom by her side, stands listening intently, expecting and fearing to hear sounds of a conflict from below.

As Fogarty enters the room he asks: “Is there any lush in the house, Kate?”

She replies negatively; then he hands the boy a coin, saying: “Go get a quartern or rum: go to the ‘Black Horse’ for it.”

Picking up a bottle from the shelf, the boy is half-way down stairs when he hears the command:

“Mind, don’t waste any time, and go to the Black Horse.”

Across the street he goes, just in time to see Brocky Quinn entering his domicile.

As he turns the corner of Pie street, out of the fog comes Kinch with the greeting:

“ ‘Allo, Tommy; where yer goin’?”

“Black ‘Orse for lush,” says Tom—then—  
“Say, Kinch, wotger do with that stook I give yer? That was a good hankercher, an’ yer ort to got ‘nough fer it to take us to ther theayter. Did yer fence it?”

“Oh, hi’ve got rid of that ‘orl right. Hold Mother Heffron give me a bob for it. ‘Ere’s yer tanner, Tommy,” is the reply, as he pushes a sixpence into Tom’s hand, “ ‘nd if yer git a chance at hanythink else, why hi’ll git orl its wuth for yer for it. Yer know w’en I wos hup at your ‘ouse this harfternoon? Well, just afore I come in I pinched a pair o’ ‘hopry glasses from a bloke over near the bridge. I wos lookin’ at ‘em a buildin’ ther new clock tower w’en ‘ere comes a bloke with a ‘ole load o’ stuff—‘twas a reg’lar gift ‘f I’d honly ‘ad you, or summun ‘else to stall for me. Hi plarnted ‘em to keep the hold man from collarin’ ‘em if I showed ‘em hup.”

“Wish I’d been there,” says Tom, regretfully. “ ‘Ere, you keep ther tanner for me, Kinchey, hi’ll git it s’mother time. Say! wot d’yer sponse they’ll do with yer hold man if Soldier George is collared? D’yer sponse they’ll croak ‘im?”

“I do’ know, an’ wots more, I don’t care. He’s always at me. He thinks I aint no good, but I’ll show ‘im afore long. I’m goin’ down by ‘The Feathers’ agin, to see wot’s hup.”



Jackson takes the sixpence and slinks away into the fog, while Tom opens the door of the Black Horse, pushes his way through the crowd up to the counter where he orders and receives the rum, then hurries back toward home; pausing for an instant in the shadow of a doorway, to take a sip of the rum—then onward again with widely-opened mouth, to rid himself of the smell of the liquor.

Just as he reaches the door of his home, there comes to his ears the sound of hurrying footsteps behind him. As he turns on the step, a man, whom he recognizes as Biddle, darts by, closely followed by another who whistles shrilly as he goes. The call is answered, both from ahead and from the rear, and almost instantly from the front comes the sound of oaths and blows and all the noise of a violent struggle.

Tom does not hesitate but, with a yell pealing from his lips—a cry that is recognized, day or night, as a rallying call by the denizens of the quarter—he runs toward Orchard street and is soon at the scene of the difficulty.

The hour is very late, and the night is foggy and damp, but that seems to have no effect on the curiosity of the neighbors. From every doorway and alley they have poured forth at the first sound of a conflict, and, quick though Tom is, he finds a small mob already gathered about the principal figures as he comes up.



"'Allo, Tommy," says Kinch Jackson, bobbing up from nowhere, and speaking in evident enjoyment, "Hit's Soldier George, 'nd they've got the darbies on 'im 'orlready."

Pushing his way into the crowd and peeping through, he sees Biddle with his head bleeding and his hands tightly locked in hand-cuffs, just being raised to an upright position by one of the officers, while thrée or four others are striving by word and blow to keep back the cursing, threatening crowd. Two of the policemen are dressed in the regulation uniform, the others are in plain clothes, but their occupation and position is known at a glance to the youngest there. Making free use of their clubs, and at the same time appealing to some of the mob by name with threats of future justice, the officers, holding George well in their midst, move slowly up the street.

As the crowd circles about them, each moment growing larger and noisier, little Tom and Kinch are again brought side by side.

"Your hold man," says Tom satirically, "won't catch it nor nothink. Kinchey, for this. Oh, no!"

"Hi 'ope so, with orl my 'art," replies the boy. "I 'ates a squealer."

"Wot's that?" says a burly, hard-faced man, as he grasps Tommy and Kinch by their collars, "who squealed, Kinch, and whose kid is this?"

"You'd better let 'im alone; that's Tommy Fogarty," answers Kinch. "'Es father 'ell look arter yer if yer hinterferes with 'im." "Who squealed?" he continues. "Why, I seed my hold man a talkin' with"—but his mouth is covered by a hand that shuts off the rest of the sentence and the voice of Fred Fogarty breaks in:

"That's all right. That's enough of that, Bob, this is no place for such news. I have heard it already, and so shall you before long." Then turning from the man to Kinch he goes on: "You say no more about this matter till I tell you, Kinch, or I'll get after you; d'ye understand?"

Without waiting for an answer he forces his way through the crowd and quietly accosts the officer.

After a very few words quickly spoken to Bowders and to George Biddle, Fogarty turns and begins to drop a word here and there in the throng with the result that, almost immediately, the crowd rapidly thins and seems to melt away in the fog.

Tom had flown home at the first sound of his father's voice, and now waited his return in fear and trembling. After looking carefully, but in vain, among the dispersing crowd for a sight of the boy, Fogarty turned his footsteps also homeward, and in a very short space of time St. Annes street resumes its normal condition.

## CHAPTER V.

How much more easily and graphically one can write or speak of others than of one's self, How difficult it is to say that the word spoken, or the deed done, was "mine," compared with the effort required in saying 'twas "his."

I, Tom Fogarty, wish it were possible for me to write the actual story of my eventful life, in a vivid, lucid manner, from an impersonal standpoint. 'This I cannot do.' In order that the scenes and incidents of my career may be portrayed in a lifelike and truthful narrative, it becomes necessary that I should assume the burden of authorship and write no longer as little Tom, but I.

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I CANNOT determine at what early period of my life I first learned that society and society's guardians, the police, were to be regarded as hostile. The feeling that it was so, grew up with me. The talk that I listened to, the example of the lives and acts of all with whom I came in contact; my home life and surroundings; all, everything tended to imbue me with the idea that, like Ishmael of old, I must expect, through life, to find the hand of every man turned against me; and that mine must be active against them.

My very earliest recollection is of a day that, to me, had a certain semblance of

holiday character about it. I remember, very distinctly, being petted and feasted on fruit by some policemen in a place which I afterward knew to be a police court. I can, even now, recall the parting with father and mother as they were led behind the grating. They were both sentenced to a short term in prison—I have no memory of its length—while I was taken to the work-house. Some years after this, the work-house was moved over to York street, but at that time it was situated on Orchard street. Dickens, with his wonderful pen, has pictured the work-house of that day, and has held both it and its beadle, in the person of Mr. Bumble, up to the scorn and execration of the reading public for all time, but I cannot pass without a few words as to my residence in this place.

On arriving, I was taken across a large grass-covered yard which was surrounded on all sides by high buildings of brick, and was placed in the care of an elderly man who was dressed in the work-house uniform. He led me into a bath room, laid out some clothes for me to put on, and told me to undress. I well remember how much I admired the bright, leaden buttons on his coat, and in spite of my awful fear of the bath tub full of water, I was eager to get through so that I might wear just such clothes.

Perhaps, if it were not for the brutality and cruelty of this attendant, I might have



forgotten the work-house episode, but I never can forget the horrible time I spent in that tub. Seeing my hesitation, as I slowly drew off the last of my clothes, he came hobbling over to me and, lifting me



"LAUGHING BOISTEROUSLY AS I TRIED TO  
REGAIN MY BREATH"

up bodily, in spite of my struggles, he pushed me completely under the water. I do not know how long he kept me in the bath, at intervals holding my head under the water, then laughing boisterously as



I, gasping, tried to regain my breath. I only know that for years after I would occasionally, in my dreams, go through the whole scene and suffer again and again all its agony.

Unless I am much mistaken, the beadle's name was Muggeridge—I am writing facts, all of which can be verified, and I give this name as it comes fresh to me after the lapse of many years. He could not have been very harsh to me, as I have no unkind memories of him. I remember there was an insufficiency of "Skilly," as we called the oatmeal mush and that, like our great prototype, *Oliver Twist*, we often felt like calling for more, but lacked his courage. One of the strange facts connected with my living there is that, all through my life, a certain hymn tune learned there by me, never heard elsewhere, has remained fresh in my memory. Morning and evening, the glorious hymns of Keble were sung to this tune, and it impressed itself so deeply on my mind that the passing years, with all their storms, have never been able to efface it.

Shortly after leaving the work-house, I remember cutting myself very badly in climbing over the wall of the St. Anne's Lane Ragged School. This school had been opened by philanthropic, Christian people for the purpose of educating just such street arabs as I. The wall that partitioned the small school house from the alley, was covered with broken glass bot-

tles partly embedded in mortar. In climbing over I slipped and, of course, was seriously cut. About this time my father was persuaded to allow me to go to work in a paper bag factory which was at that time a new charitable venture just opened at 56 Old Pie street, under the title of the Westminster Industrial School. Its primal object was to educate and reform the youth of the immediate neighborhood. The funds were furnished by loving, Christian men and women who occasionally visited us. To me, in my childhood, they seemed like visitors from some other planet. The very tones of their voices were so kindly and gentle: the words they uttered were so full of love, so different from those we were used to in every-day life, that it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy they were of other material than we were.

The superintendent, Shackleford, by name, was utterly unfit for the position. Did space permit, I would like to picture this man in his true colors. He was a London edition of Mr. Squeers. He, afterward, left the institution in disgrace. I had, in some manner, learned to read at home, and here, at this Industrial School, I was taught to make paper bags, to help print them, and to set the type for that purpose. The boys wore a semi-uniform, consisting of a heavy blue overshirt with a numbered badge to be worn on the arm, and cap. We were paid eight cents per day for our labor

and, in addition, we received two meals; breakfast and dinner. The food was coarse but plentiful, and was a perfect God-send to most of the boys. We slept at home. I was working there during the Crimean War, and at its close, I was taken, with the rest of the boys, to St. James' Park to see the Queen distribute medals to the wounded and crippled heroes.

One very peculiar thing about the boys that composed the school was this—with the exception of one boy, Mike Flanagan by name, I was the only scholar whose people lived "on the cross" as we termed it; that is, were professional law breakers. Their parents were mostly costers, tinkers and such like. People who had at least an ostensibly honest mode of earning a living. The "crooked" people, as a whole, would not permit their boys to work at the Industrial School, or else they had not the power to compel their attendance.

During those early years my father appeared to be anxious that I might grow up at least, an honest boy. Very often he would talk to me—child though I was—of the folly and danger of a dishonest life, as exemplified in the careers of certain unlucky burglars, pickpockets or sneak-thieves who were friendly neighbors of ours. But I noticed that these words of warning were to be expected from him only when he had reached a certain or uncertain stage of inebriety.

My mother—what shall I say, what can

I say of her? I only know that she loved and feared my father. That her whole life was dominated by his. As I write, her face comes to me again. Tender, sorrowful and careworn, with that awful scar marring the cheek. Her life, so far as I remember, held no comfort or joy. She would coax and plead with me that I should do, or not do, certain things, even threatening to complain of me to father, but he was so quick to anger and so inconsiderate and brutal in his moments of passion, as she, poor soul, had experienced in her own person; that I knew there was no danger of her telling, so I went my own way, and a very vile way it was.

Out of all the young lads and boys that I knew at this time, there were three that I had set upon pedestals to be admired and, if possible, I intended to emulate their deeds. Two of these were the sons of a notorious Jew who lived in Great Peter street. He was known as "Sheeny" Abrahams.

They were "Wires," or pickpockets, and thoroughly proficient in their own line. I envied them as I saw them dressed so neatly and stylishly in their short Eton jackets, wearing, at times, high hats of the stove-pipe order. They "worked" theaters, opera houses and "crushes," or gatherings, of every kind. Their father was an artist in the matter of creating an opportunity for the exercise of their skill. Choosing a good locality, by the judicious offer of a



few pennies as a prize, he would set a couple of street urchins fighting. A curious crowd would gather, and his industrious, well-trained sons would proceed to gather the harvest.

The other lad was my great chum and hero, Kinch Jackson. He was some three years older than I, and, to my admiring eyes, seemed to be an "admirable Crichton" in knowledge of everything pertaining to a "crooked" life. I naturally looked up to and copied him at this period. He initiated me into many of the mysteries and habits that were a bane and curse to my after life. He acted as go-between and "fenced" or sold anything I had courage or opportunity to "graft."

He was, for a short time, a member of the Industrial School, but the discipline and fist of Mr. Shackelford did not agree with his ideas of life so, to the avowed joy of the Fox, he absented himself.

A day or two previous to the arrest of Biddle, while on an errand for the school, I had covered myself with glory, in my own estimation, by stealing a silk handkerchief from the pocket of a gentleman on the street. This, I turned over to Kinchey to dispose of on shares. He overwhelmed me, I remember, with praise because it was my first successful haul without assistance.

Oh, the pity! oh, the shame! That children, little children, should grow up in civilized Christian lands with no higher

ambition than to become proficient in crime.

Some short time after this, I cannot say how soon, I heard that Biddle and his pals were found guilty and "lagged," that is, sentenced to prison for a term of years. I distinctly remember my father lecturing some of the "lurkers" on the folly of any one quitting a genteel "lay" such as theirs, the extreme penalty for which was six months; to go "grafting" with "houseworkers" and such low grade crooks only to get pinched and laid away for years. He used the case of Soldier George as an illustration.

Foxy Jackson came to our house the day after the arrest, and there was quite a scene. I was at school at the time, but learned the particulars on my return home. Jack Harrison and his wife, Welsh Poll, were present, and he, Jackson, was charged with being a "lagger" in that he had given information against Biddle. Of course, the Fox denied everything, but Poll brought up some other evidence against him so that, in spite of all his special pleading, he was ordered out of the house by father, with the warning that the air of Westminster would be very unhealthy for him in the future. With all his cunning, he acted the fool just then. Instead of getting away as fast as possible, he stopped to exculpate himself, and, as he dared not say much to father, he paid his attention to Mrs. Harrison, boldly

stating, in very coarse language, that like his son, Kinch, she was incapable of telling the truth. Harrison answered this by word and blow, and in the confusion that ensued, Mr. Jackson was horribly cut about the face and neck. He claimed that Poll had struck him several times with a glass water pitcher, even using it as a weapon when scarce anything except the handle remained in her murderous hand. Jack Harrison always said that he did the mischief, and he and his family moved away to the region of Drury Lane to avoid the consequences. But my impression is that the Fox bore his injuries in silence.

About this time I noticed that Brocky Quinn seemed to wish to cultivate my acquaintance. Whenever an opportunity would offer, he would talk to me—sometimes even inviting me into his den behind the rag shop and treating me to a drink of “swipes,” or stale beer. I attributed this at the time, I think, to the shrewdness I had shown on the night of George’s arrest and one or two other occasions; but I sometimes think he had a plan of his own which I was only too eager to help accomplish. I naturally said nothing at home of our intercourse.

On a drizzly, cheerless evening, some few months later, as I passed along Pie street from the school, I saw Kinchey standing in a doorway at the corner of Duck Lane, talking to a well-dressed, gentlemanly-appearing man. I sauntered by, and when

we next met I asked: "Say, Kinchey, who's the bloke you was talkin' to larst night? 'e looks like a reg'lar Toff."

"'E his a Toff of the fust water," was the reply; 'nd 'e's goin' to put me onter some grarft that'll be ther makin' ov me. Th'old man tole 'im I was no good, tole 'im I was leary 'nd 'fraid to do hanythink, but hi'll show 'im—say, Tommy, 'e wants another kid, a little kid to 'elp turn some trick 'nd hi tole 'im 'bout you."

I was only too glad to have a chance to show my ability, providing always that it might be accomplished without father's knowledge, and I said so to Kinchey at once.

At this time we had moved from St. Anne's street to Perkins Rents, and the old house was torn down, with some others adjoining, and in its stead a large bath house was being erected. As I stood gazing at the men working on the new building, one day, Kinchey, standing at the door of Quinn's establishment, whistled me over to his side. He told me Brocky wanted me, and added, "Say, Tommy, that bloke's a goin' to be 'ere tonight."

Quinn sent young Jackson over to "The Feathers" for some beer, and while we were alone he questioned me very closely and cunningly about my father and his doings. Because of my fear, I was always very careful to say nothing about my home life, so I think he gained very little from me. When Kinch came back,



he had company. There were two men with him, one of whom I recognized as "The Toff" I had seen formerly with Jackson. While they were drinking the beer and talking together, I noticed they both were scrutinizing me and asking questions of Brocky. Presently, calling me over to where they stood, he said:

"This 'eres the boy wot I told yer about, 'nd a very good boy 'e is, too. There aint none of 'em 'round 'ere has can put it hover 'im, his there, Tommy?"

I attempted to answer, but he continued without heeding me:

"Now, Tommy, 'ere's a charnce for yer. This 'ere gent likes yer looks, 'e does, and 'es willin' to take yer with 'im 'nd put yer hup to a thing or two as'll hopen yer heyes. Of course, hi told 'im yer wos orl right. That you'd rarthar go over ther road afore you'd squeal, 'cos I knowed yer, Tommy. Now, you jest lissen to 'im, but mind hi dont hadvise yer to go with 'im."

Then he turned to the larger of the two men and told him to talk it over with me and tell me what he wanted done. I remember he praised me until I looked over at Kinch with my head filled with the idea that I was about the shrewdest boy of my age in all Westminster, and that all I had needed, to prove this to the satisfaction of everyone concerned, was this very opportunity that was now offered me.

The tall man questioned me, very closely, on a variety of topics, always coming

back to the question, what was the right thing for a boy or man to do in case of an arrest? Brocky interrupted him once or twice to assure him that I wouldn't squeal or give away under any circumstances, and at length he seemed satisfied. After some further talk among themselves, it was agreed that on the following Saturday afternoon I and Kinchey would meet Jack Bishop—the other of the strangers—at the “Corner Pin,” a public house at the head of Peter street and Stratton Ground.

I learned that the tall man's name was Bill Moore. He evidently knew my father and he cautioned me particularly to say nothing at home about our intended trip. He and his companion left us in Quinn's when they went away and, as he passed out, he gave me a shilling and I heard the chink of money as his hand passed Kinch Jackson's. Kinch swore, afterwards, that Moore gave him nothing, but I knew better. We had another drink of beer from Brocky, and then, as we were leaving, he called me back to say:

“This is a fust clarss charnce for yer, Tommy; but, remember, yer carn't say as 'ow I hadvised yer to go.”

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE START FROM THE "ONE TUN."



S I, impatiently, waited for the coming Saturday, how very long each intervening day seemed to me. I saw Kinch Jackson as often as possible, and we talked over the prospective job, and even laid plans of the wonderful things we would contrive to get out of our share of the swag, or booty.

I went daily to my work at the Industrial school but, while folding and making the paper bags, my mind was occupied with schemes and thoughts totally foreign to the work in hand. Mike Flanagan, one of the boys in the school, had boasted to me, often, of certain tricks he had helped to "turn," and I found it very difficult to keep from giving him at least a hint of the chance that had opened up before me. But I managed to keep mum, and at last, to my intense joy, the longed-for Saturday came.

As soon as dinner was eaten, I contrived to slip away from the watchful eye of Mr. Shackelford, and in a short space of time. I joined company with Kinchey in the skittle ground of "The One Tun," a disreputable public house in Perkins Rents.

Here, I remember, we remained for

some hous, alternately watching the skittle players—occasionally stealing a drink of beer out of their partly-emptied pewters—and then trying to picture the success we fully anticipated from the coming meeting with Moore and Bishop. I was very eager to have the time pass that I might get started. For some reason, I had no fear of arrest or capture by the police. My only dread was that father might, in some way, interfere, or that they—Moore and his pal—might conclude I was too young for their use.

Somewhere about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Kinchey, who had been for the last hour setting up the skittles for the players, came slowly across the end of the alley. With a look of intelligence at me, he slipped out through a side door, while I moved carelessly out through the bar room to the street. I followed on, a short distance behind him, until we reached Peter street, then I ranged up beside him and we headed for "The Corner Pin;" my heart beating fast and furious with excitement and joy at the idea of being permitted to take part in work with full-grown men, proficient in their line.

I have no heart nor inclination to moralize over the feelings that I entertained at that time, yet, surely, some one other than little Tom Fogarty should bear the blame for the unnatural, unchristian desires and aspirations of that darkening Saturday afternoon.



When we came to "The Corner Pin," we divided. I walked into the saloon, through one of the swinging doors on Stratton Ground, leaving Kinch on the outside and, after scrutinizing the faces of the crowd inside, I passed out at the further side facing the Horseferry Road. I was sadly disappointed, I remember, in not seeing Bishop but, as I turned to look for Kinch, I saw Bill Moore crossing the street and, at the same moment, Kinchey passed by me, giving me a quick sign to follow. I stood, for an instant, before joining Kinchey, while I took a rapid survey of everything and everybody within sight; then I strolled on after them, waiting for the signal that would call me up alongside of Mr. Moore.

As we passed up Rochester Row, a hasty step behind me caused me to look around, just as Jack Bishop overtook me.

"Come on, Tommie," said he, "Yer didn't see me back at 'Ther Corner Pin," did yer? but I was gunning you off from the fust."

"W'ere was yer plarnted?" I asked, nettled to think that he could see me and I not see him.

"Did yer see that there cab hover by ther dead wall? Well, I was hin that."

"Oh, then yer didn't have a charnce to see Sergeant Buckley?" said I.

He stopped at once, and eagerly asked:

"Did you, Tommie? W'ere wos 'e? Wot was 'e a doin'?"



"WATCHING THE SKITTLE PLAYERS"

Doin' nothin'," I replied. "Jest lookin' in a shop winder hover on the 'Orseferry Road."

Bishop, while listening to my talk, had been looking anxiously back, and now, with a sharp "come on," he hurried on after Moore. I crossed the street and followed on,—keeping within hailing distance. Bishop soon overhauled Moore, and they turned down a lane, or mews, back of some stables, where they held an earnest conversation, while I and Kinchey loitered and waited, fearful lest our trip should be abandoned. Moore finally came back, and after looking carefully about, he made me tell him all I had seen of Police Sergeant Buckley. He appeared to be disturbed, and even "leary," or afraid, which caused him to fall, woefully, in my estimation. When Bishop joined us, we started on again toward Vauxhall Bridge; the men leading the way at a good swinging pace, Kinch and I following a short distance behind.

Adjoining the bridge, was a very large ship yard, into which Moore turned, while Bishop kept on toward the bridge. As we boys came to the gate, Moore beckoned us in; then, leading the way down between some rows of wonderful figure-heads of ships and ships' timbers to the back of the yard, he halted and, stooping down, pulled a bundle from beneath some boards. Dividing the contents into two packages, he gave one to me and one to

Kinch Jackson, telling us to stow them away, and to be sure and get rid of them if there was any danger of a pinch. I knew something of burglars tools by hearsay and description, but I had never had the pleasure of handling or seeing any; yet I knew, at once, that I had a part of a kit entrusted to my care, and I felt elated and honored by the trust.

Presently we came to a railway station. Bishop got tickets for us, and ushered us into a car, quietly cautioning us to keep ourselves to ourselves; have our eyes open and watch him.

Up till the moment when the train started, I had been buoyed up with excitement and expectation, only fearing lest I might, in some way, be left behind; but, suddenly, I began to lose heart, I know not why, and I heartily wished myself safe once more in the home nest.

I thought of father and of his anger when I failed to appear. I knew that mother would be the sufferer, as it was his invariable custom to vent his rage upon her long-suffering and meek head whenever anything transpired to annoy him. And then I had not bargained for the absence of Moore. He seemed to have deserted us, and I had, for some undefined reason, no faith in the ability or courage of Jack Bishop.

By the time the train reached Putney, I felt so miserable that I came very near slipping out of the carriage with the in-



tention of abandoning the party, and making my way, as best I might, back home. But Bishop sat near the door on the platform side—the cars were fitted with doors on the side—and I was a little afraid he would stop me if I attempted to get out, so I hesitated and lost the chance.

It had grown dark, and I settled back on the seat tired of everything, especially of the whispered chatter of Kinch Jackson. I don't know whether I dozed or not, but suddenly I noticed the train was standing still, and Bill Moore stood at our carriage door telling us to hurry and get out.

If I had been asleep, I was now thoroughly wide awake, and, as we passed out of the railroad station, or depot, I began to exercise my old habit—a habit that was instinctive with me—of narrowly noticing my surroundings.

This was my first trip, and seemed to me to be the consummation of all my hopes and desires. Every feature and incident of the night's work is indelibly impressed upon my memory, so that, perhaps, I may be pardoned for taking so much space in describing it.

"'Ave yer got ther kit?" asked Bishop, as I walked beside him in the darkness of a country lane.

"They're 'ere, hunder me arm, but w're's Kinch gone to, and wot time o' night is it?" I asked. In spite of my training, I was but a child, and felt lost out here in the wilderness, alone, as it

seemed, with Bishop, whom I disliked and distrusted.

"Oh, we'll find 'em, d'reckly. You jes' keep close ter me and don't say nothink 'less I arsk yer to, 'nd you'll be 'orl right."

We soon left the lights of the station and contiguous houses far behind, and as we moved forward I could barely make out the form of Bishop by my side.

Walking on thus, in silence, there grew upon me, for the first time in my life, a peculiar, impalpable sensation of fear; not of physical hurt or violence, but a dread of some unknown danger that seemed to pervade my whole being, even as the mist and fog we were moving through, penetrated my clothing, chilling my flesh and causing my teeth to chatter with the cold. Compared with the unceasing, noisy roar of old London streets, this place was deathly quiet. Yet it seemed vocal with strange, unfamiliar sounds, that kept me continually on the alert, expecting I knew not what. I had completely lost my bearings, and felt I must speak—cry out, run away, or do something to break up and change the existing condition of things, when Bishop, with a word of caution, halted, for a moment, and then pushed me through a gate he had opened into a field. He held me tightly by the arm, and we walked for a short distance across the field to another hedge, inside of which, even in the gloom, I could see the outlines of a large house. As we stood,

motionless, peering through the fog at the house, we were joined by Moore and young Jackson, who seemed to spring out of the ground, so quiet was their approach.

We moved quietly along the hedge to a gate which Moore opened, and passing through, we found ourselves with the short, crisp grass of a lawn under our feet. Halting us, Moore went rapidly over toward a low building, then, returning, we all moved forward into the shadow of the house.

"How d'yer feel, kid?" asked Moore of me in a whisper; bending his head down close to mine.

"Oh, I'm 'orl right," said I, my fear all gone, and only a feeling of eagerness to get to work remaining.

"Now, Tommie," he continued, "this 'ere's your fust job, so I ain't a goin' to arsk too much off of yer. We jes' want yer to throw the bolts on this 'ere door, an' then there's a quid fer yer, no matter if we gits nothink, or no. Yer ain't leary, are yer?"

Leary, indeed! I scorned the idea, and told him emphatically that I was afraid of nothing. He seemed convinced, for he went on:

"Now, throw off yer kicks; take this glim, and don't turn it on honly w'en yer 'ave to."

I took the dark-lantern and stowed it away in my bosom, while he continued to instruct me how to find the lower and up-

per bolts, and to use plenty of strength on the key, as it turned hard; to be sure and not make any noise, but haste and let them in.

I assured him that I knew what to do and would do it. I slipped off my shoes and followed him up the steps to the door, shaking and trembling like a leaf, from intense eagerness and nervous excitement.

We were at the rear of the house, which was evidently the abode of wealthy people. While Moore was talking to me, Bishop and Kinch moved off around the side of the house, Jack presently returning alone.

Now, as we stood on the top step, Bishop joined us. The door was very massive, and there was a long, narrow window on each side of it, apparently for the purpose of lighting the hall. Jack pushed past us, without a word, and began working at the sash.

I was anxious and eager to see what he was doing, and how he did it, but Moore held me close to his side, while he gave me a last word of warning.

"Don't yer wait to look 'round for nothin', Tommie. You unscrew the door, 'nd we'll show yer wot's wot. Remember, yer gits a quid—'ere 'tis—jest as soon as we gits hin, and you'll git yer bit b'sides, of 'orl we pull orf."

It did not need the sight of the gold sovereign, he held out to me, to induce me to do the work laid out for me. On the con-



trary, I felt proud of the confidence they seemed to have in me, and was ready to show that it was not misplaced.

As he finished speaking, Bishop stepped back from the sash, holding in his hands the pane of glass taken bodily from the lower frame.

"Hin yer go," said Moore; lifting me carefully up on the stone sill and pushing me feet first, through the narrow window.

I was a thin, delicate boy, of very slight build, but the frame was so extremely narrow, that I stuck and struggled for what seemed an age to me, and finally Moore pulled me out again, ordering me to pull off my jacket and vest. This I did, and by pushing and wiggling I managed to squeeze through and drop lightly into the hall. I did not feel it at the time, I suppose, but I was sore for some days after, because of the scraping and scratching I received.

Once in, I lost no time in opening the door. In order to reach the upper bolt, I was compelled to stand on a chair, and the only one visible, by the light of my lantern, was a huge one that was almost too heavy for me to move. I did move it, and that without noise, and managed to turn the big key lightly.

As the door swung open, Moore led the way in, followed by Bishop. Closing the door, Moore turned the light of the lantern for an instant up through the hall. Both were wearing heavy woolen stock-

ings over their shoes, and they seemed unconcerned and self-possessed, as if they owned the building.

"'Ere's yer quid," said Moore, quietly, handing me the piece of gold; "now, you wait houtside on ther steps. Don't yer git leary; you've done werry well. If there's a tumble 'ere in th' 'ouse, don't you mizzle; jest wait on ther grass hout back, 'nd we'll come for yer. Kinch is piping hout in ther front."

Saying this, he pushed me out through the door again, and quietly closed it.

As soon as the door closed, I moved over to a side stone of the steps and seated myself. I felt hurt that Moore had no use for me beyond opening the door, and as I sat there, with my ears strained to their utmost tension, I imagined all manner of heroic things that I would have done had they permitted me to stay inside. Then, in the stillness and hush of the night, my thoughts began to revert to home and the consequences of this runaway trip. I knew that I would get well thrashed for my conduct, and I determined that instead of returning at once when this job was completed, I would run away to the East End—Whitechapel Way—and let the storm blow over. Again, I thought of the good times I would have spending my easily-earned wealth, and I wished that Kinchey was by my side that we might exchange confidences on that and kindred subjects,

I must have relaxed my vigilance and began to dream, for, suddenly, a hand was laid heavily on my shoulder, and I believe I would have yelled aloud in my fright, only for the re-assuring sound of Bill Moore's voice.

"'Ere, take 'old of this, Tommie; stand up stiff. Now yer hother harm."

As he spoke he laid on my shoulders, on my arms and around my neck a miscellaneous assortment of silks and furs, evidently booty from some well stocked wardrobe.

Bishop pushed past us down the steps bearing a load in his arms. I lost sight of him in the gloom, but he returned empty-handed just as Moore said:

"Now, you and Kinchey wait 'ere till we bring the stuff hout, 'nd then we're off."

They had hardly entered the house, before they were out again, bearing between them a large basket which they placed on the steps while they carefully closed the door.

Then, with a word of warning for me to keep close and quiet, and not lose any of the "rags," they lifted the basket and moved away at a rapid pace.

Kinch was at my side immediately. He was loaded down, but was in high spirits.

"Wot'ger think of this, Tommie?" he asked. But a warning growl from Jack Bishop, as we passed through the front gate, caused me to make no answer.

They had arranged matters very care-

fully, for, in less than a half hour's walk we came to a stable in a narrow lane, and Moore, opening the door, spoke quietly to some one inside, when, at once, a light wagon was driven from the rear, into which we all tumbled, Moore taking the driver's seat, the rest of us lying down on some straw on the bottom. The man who had brought out the wagon helped Moore arrange the swag, basket and all, in the bottom beside us, then covered us all over with canvas, or tarpaulin, and in a few moments we were off again on our road to Westminster.



## CHAPTER VII.

### MY EDUCATION IS CONTINUED.



MORE than a week passed, I should judge, before I returned to my own abode. I do not remember how much I received for my share of that night's work, but I know

Kinchey introduced me to a lodging-house keeper in Church Lane, St. Giles', and we spent our money there in riotous living for a few days. He was a scoundrel of the first water, living on the follies and crimes of a host of little children, who went out daily, at his bidding, to beg or steal, and he managed to make it very uncomfortable for any who returned empty-handed. His name was Reilly. He had but one eye, and his appearance was extremely repulsive.

He treated Kinchey and me as if we owned the house, as long as our money lasted; but when the end came, as it speedily did, his manner toward us changed at once, and he gave us to understand that we could not live on what we had spent, and hunted us out to make more.

In a few days I managed to get picked up on the street by a neighbor, who led

me home in triumph. I was scolded and threatened by my father, but escaped punishment, while my mother seemed so overjoyed at my return, that she did not even scold me. I said nothing about Moore, or our trip, but made up a story, that was a tissue of lies, to account for my absence. For some reason I did not return to the Industrial School. I think they would not receive me again, but whatever the reason, I was glad to get away from Shackelford's authority and heavy, brutal fist.

Some time after this, because of some trouble with the authorities, we moved to Charles street, Drury Lane; a neighborhood every whit as vile as Westminster. I formed new acquaintances and learned some new deviltry each move that we made. "The Mogul," a concert hall, was in full blast at that time in Drury Lane, as, perhaps, it is today, and I used to bend all my energies to making enough money to get in there with some "coster" or "crooked" friend as often as possible.

While living here I was permitted, for the first time, to take part in a piece of work that was engineered by father. I was very much elated over my share of the job, and plumed myself on the perfect manner in which I carried out my part. The trick was an old and familiar one, in all its details, to me, but I had never before been allowed to participate in the play. It was as follows:

The newspapers of the metropolis are published at an hour in the morning when a vast majority of the citizens are still asleep in their beds.

One morning an obituary notice appeared in the proper column, say, in "The Standard," which read:

CLEGHORNE.—At his residence, 697 Berkely Square, JOHN VANMETER CLEGHORNE, member of the firm of Hollis, Cleghorne & Hollis, Lombard Street. The decedent was in his forty-seventh year, and leaves a widow and two children, with a host of sorrowing friends to mourn his loss. Notice of funeral will be published later.

At a very early hour, that same morning, a boy, decently clad, about 11 years of age, presented himself at the door of the house of mourning in Berkeley Square, and timidly asked for Mr. Cleghorne.

"Wot d'yer want of him, 'nd w'ich Mr. Cleghorne his it?" asks the pompous servant.

"I've got a letter 'ere from a lady w'ich I should 'ave brought yesterday ar'ter-noon to Mr. John Cleghorne."

"Give it 'ere."

"I was told as 'ow I musn't give it to nobody but Mr. Cleghorne hisself," says the boy, "'nd if 'e ain't hin, I'll wait."

"Come in 'ere," says the servant. "Now, sit down there, and be keerful not to make no noise."

He goes off, and the boy waits patiently, his eyes taking in and valuing every portable article in sight, from the walking sticks and umbrellas in the hall-stand, to

the huge oil paintings, already draped in black, on the wall.

To him, presently, ushered by the supercilious flunkey, comes a quiet-looking young man with a very mild, sorrowful face, who asks:

"Have you a message or letter for me?"

"Why, no! You ain't the gen-elman as I give the letter to a long time ago, larst year, in the city, 'nd she told me as 'ow I mus'n't give it to nobody but 'im. 'E was a good deal holder, 'e wos."

"Mr. Cleghorne is—let me see the letter, I will see that it reaches the right hands. You shall not get into trouble, my boy." So speaks the pleasant-voiced gentleman, and after considerable coaxing and promises of making good any loss that may accrue through his not following orders, the boy finally gives up the sealed envelope directed in a firm feminine hand to

JOHN CLEGHORNE, ESQ.

The young man takes the letter, looks for a moment at the address, then orders the servant to give the boy some refreshment and walks into an adjoining room, closing the door.

Let us take the liberty of looking on, in imagination, while he hesitatingly opens and reads the missive. This is it, verbatim:

DEAR JOHN: Perhaps I ought not to use that expression in writing you, as you evidently no longer feel that way toward me. I have written you, this is the third time, and I have waited, on two occasions,



near your office hoping that I might see and speak to you, but I have failed. Now tell me, John, what have I done. If you are tired of me, as I have felt for some time that you were, then be man enough to come and see me and make some arrangements for the future of our girl. You need not think that I will try to hold you. I will go back down into Wales and try to live out the rest of my days near the old home. John, I am sick; not able to be out and you know that I am in need. How could you treat me so? It is not like you. My last money went to pay Ella's tuition. My rent is overdue, and I am in dire straits. Please come to me. I must see you. I will do whatever you think best, John, only I must see you. Even if I am compelled to drag myself to your own home to do it, I must have an interview with you.

I sincerely trust the boy will find you and that you will soon come to

CLARA C. B.

P. S. Don't be angry with me, John, for sending this to your home address. If I could have raised a few pounds I think I would have gone off and never troubled you any more.

CLARA.

Truly, a fine letter for a son, fresh from college life, grieving over a father's death, to receive. How many times does he pause at the end of a sentence and strive to grasp the full meaning of what he has read. He turns bewildered to the signature then reads on hurriedly. At last the horrible meaning of it all bursts upon him. Father, the father he has always looked up to and revered,—whose lifeless body now lies in the awful majesty of death in another chamber—that he should have been guilty of such deceit, such wickedness! Oh, the misery of it all! Mother must never know. If he only had his college chum to consult with—no, that would not do—he must carry the load alone.

He goes out into the hall and paces up and down, then abruptly enters the room where the boy sits feasting, carefully watched by the suspicious servant.

He stands impatiently while morsel after morsel is swallowed by the hungry lad.

"Will he never get through eating," he wonders, as an attack is made on a fresh dish.

Finally, as he can bear the sight no longer, he goes off, with an order to the flunkey, "Show him into the library, Watson, when he is satisfied. I will await him there."

Even such a meal as that was, must have an end, and in a little while I, Tom Fogarty, (the messenger boy for this occasion), am ushered into the library and find myself alone with the son of the house. He questions me; not doubtingly, for he evidently believes in the letter, but in order to gain an idea of the best method of preventing scandal.

"Did you tell Watson where you lived?" he asks, anxiously; and seems relieved when I answer him I have said nothing to Watson except a word or two in praise of the food supply of the house.

He gave me a handful of shillings for myself, as he expressly stated, then wrote a short letter which he enclosed with some bank notes and gave to me to be delivered to the lady who had sent me. As I bowed my way out, he called me back and,

taking from my hand the letter, he tore it open, to my dismay, for I thought the game was up, and I was just meditating a rush to save my shillings, when he added a hurried line to the letter, then enclosing it in another envelope, he requested me to make haste and deliver it as directed.

I was very careful that no one should follow or watch me as I threaded my way back to the public house in Pimlico, where father sat with two companions, waiting for me.

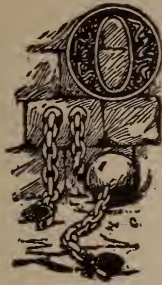
I detailed every incident, and was highly commended for my cunning and success.

The few pounds, I do not remember the amount, contained in the letter, were followed, shortly after, by several larger installments; and quite a snug sum was drawn from the pockets of young Mr. Cleg-horne before the fictitious Clara C. B. was induced to take her final departure for her old home in Wales.

Truly I was growing.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### I LOSE MY BEST FRIEND.



NE of the discomforts incident to the mode of life followed by my parents was the fact that we had no settled, permanent place of abode. If, for a season, things moved pleasantly and peacefully along, our serenity would be terminated by an abrupt removal to some other and distant part of the huge city. Of course, I knew the reason for these sudden changes, and, I am sorry to say, I found some enjoyment in the excitement and novelty of each flitting. I had no feeling of attachment for any of the various dwellings that we, from time to time, inhabited. In fact, one of the sorrows of my life has been that I, in my checkered career, never knew, until very late in life, the true meaning of the word home.

I wish that I might avoid the telling of certain portions of my past life. The recital of them causes pain, but I believe that a knowledge of them is necessary to a true understanding of the peculiar environment of some lives here in our midst today, and my earnest hope and trust is that ultimate good may result from the telling.



During the winter of 1857-58 we were living in Kent street, in that part of London known as "The Borough." Early in the year my dear mother, who was nursing an infant daughter, was arrested, and on a sleety morning, I think in February, the very day the Princess Royal was married, I went to a police court and heard her sentenced to prison.

As you sit at home, surrounded by friends and loved ones, can you picture the condition and feelings of little Tom Fogarty under such circumstances? Good people, the days of which I write, lie nearly forty years behind us; but, if in your hearts there is a feeling of sympathy and pity for the little lad or any of his tribe, dear heart, there are, unfortunately, opportunities more than plenty for its exercise today. Tom Fogartys are to be found—God pity them—in every large city of the civilized world.

The child, hapless innocent, being too young to be separated from the mother, was carried by her into Tothill Field's prison. Then, for three months my father walked us regularly, every Sunday, along a certain portion of Victoria street at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in order that mother, looking from the barred windows of a closet at that hour, might have the melancholy pleasure of seeing us and of waving through the bars, very cautiously, a scrap of white linen or cotton, as a signal of love to us,

She had never been very strong, physically, and her manner of life had materially impaired her health, so that, when she came back to us it was very evident that her days on earth were nearly done. I did not know this; I did not realize the fact. I was too young and heedless about such matters. The child, a little girl, lived but a short time after her release from the prison. The All-Wise Father mercifully rescued the little one from a life of sorrow and, probably, of sin and shame, and called her home, as in His tenderness and compassion He had previously done successively with three infant sisters.

On several occasions my mother, I remember, spoke to me earnestly concerning the probability of her early demise, and made an effort to have me realize and understand that she could not live very long. But I, in my waywardness, would never listen. I did not know; I would not understand, and I have paid for it with a life-long regret. She was very tender to me.

She passed away from earth on the fourteenth day of March, 1859, and her soul, with all its faults, went before a Judge who knew and understood her inmost thoughts and ways, and whose highest attributes are mercy, grace and love.

We were living at that time at 33 Gardener's Lane, Westminster, in rooms rented from no less a person than the widow of "Shaw, the Life-Guardsman," the hero of Waterloo.



"SHE WAS VERY TENDER TO ME."



A gentleman, whose cultivated manner, dress and well-modulated voice, indicated that he belonged to a far higher station than ours, came to the funeral. I learned that he was a wealthy cousin of my mother, whose home was at Ware, in Hertfordshire, with large business interests in the city. He paid very little attention to me. Doubtless he felt relieved to think that what had been an awful blot on the escutcheon of an old and honorable house, would be lightened, to a certain degree, by the passing away of the one who had caused it. He went with us to the cemetery, and when I gave way to a passionate outbreak of grief at the dull sound of the earth falling on the plain coffin, he turned and looked so strangely at me for a moment that I stifled my sobs and slipped out of sight behind my father, who stood near. He parted company with us at the gate, and I have never seen or heard of him or his from that moment.

It is more than likely that, had I been in his place, I also would have breathed a sigh for the departed; then, looking on the remainder of the family as incorrigible, I would have, probably, drawn my robes around me and have passed by on the other side. And yet—and yet, it might have been so different.

One morning, some months later, my father awakened me, and I found that during the night I had gained a bed-mate. I recognized my companion



at once as Bill Moore, the gentleman who had initiated me into the mysteries of 'house-work,' although I had not seen him for some time. An awful change had taken place in the man. I sat up in bed and gazed at him, and wondered what could have caused such a transformation. Moore, when I last saw him, was rather neat, almost dandified, in his dress and personal appearance; always well groomed. Now, his hair was unkempt; his linen soiled, and his whole personality appeared neglected and dirty.

"Hello, Tom! Don't you know me?" asked Moore, holding out his hand, while a peculiar expression, which I could not understand and which almost frightened me, flitted across his face.

"Git out of that, and go up to York street and get us some rum," said father, before I could answer.

I hurriedly dressed myself, and taking a bottle and some change father gave me, I was leaving the room when, at a muttered word or two from Moore, father said:

"Look here, Tom; this is Mr. Kennedy; he's a relation of ours, here on a visit from Manchester." Then, with a dreadful oath, he added: "See that you keep your tongue within your teeth. D'ye understand?"

I assured him that I did, and hurried off to get the drink, hoping that a few glasses would somewhat mollify the evident ill-temper that possessed him.

During the whole of that day they kept

close quarters in the room. At intervals I went out and brought in a supply of rum. They played cards together—permitting me, at times, to take a hand; they smoked and chatted and drank, but not sufficient to become intoxicated. Just at dusk there was a noise on the stairs that brought both men to their feet, sober and expectant in a moment; but, at the sound of the voice of someone talking loudly to the landlady, Moore quietly seated himself, while father opened the door and, with a word of welcome, ushered in a stranger.

“’Ow are yer, Bill? Say, is that your kid, Fred?” so speaks the new-comer, pointing at me. He seats himself, taking the proffered glass and sipping at it in evident enjoyment, while I furtively take note of his make-up.

He is heavily and awkwardly built. Coarse of feature, with a powerful, cruel jaw. His clothing, I note, indicates a working man, yet he seems to be well acquainted, even familiar, with both father and Moore.

I gather from their conversation, that Moore is being sought for by the police. This is such a matter of course in our lives, that it makes very little impression on my mind.

Father and the stranger sit at the table drinking and chatting together, while Moore sits apart in silence, leaning moodily against the chimney-piece. Suddenly, he asks: “Wos the old woman at the

'ouse at all, yesterday, Corkey? Did she show hup, at all?"

"Oh, yes," says Mr. Corkey, taking his pipe from his mouth, and sending out a dense cloud of smoke. "She wos there, orl right anuff; ov course she wos there. You might a knowed she'd be there."

"'Ow does she seem to take it? Wot does she say?" anxiously asks Bill. "His she werry bitter agin' me?"

"Oh, I wouldn't bother about her," says father. "Here, take another drink, and we'll have a game o' cribbage to pass away the time."

With a trembling, nervous hand Moore takes the tumbler and drinks deeply, then takes his place at the table, and a game of cribbage is started. The game was continued all through the night. Father awakened me somewhere near midnight and sent me after some rum. I stretched myself out on the bed on my return, and slept in my clothes. Once 'or twice I awoke during the night, and looked at them through the haze of tobacco smoke, but there was very little to interest me, so I soon fell asleep again.

Very early in the morning I was routed out again and sent for more liquor before the sleep was well out of my eyes. Our new friend, Corkey, was more than half drunk, and inclined to be noisy and quarrelsome. I brought two bottles of rum, and was told to get ready to go out and get some food for breakfast. While I

washed myself I noticed how very abusive Corkey had become, and wondered, in my own mind, how much more father would stand before he threw him down stairs.

Father, however, was, for some reason, very patient, and humored him, agreeing with him, and almost begging him to lie down and take a nap; at the same time he hastily ordered me out after the food.

I so well remember that morning. I went down to Broadway, bought some groceries and meat, and had started back up York street, when I saw a large placard or poster, with a display head, and noticed several people reading it and commenting on it. I walked over to it, holding my bundles under my arm, and in an instant every nerve in my body was tingling, while my heart beat so rapidly and loudly, that it did seem as if everyone near must hear its strokes.

No need have I to go over it again. The one look has been sufficient, and, as I lower my eyes to the ground, the awful word, MURDER, is plainly printed on the dirty pavement. I turn my eyes carefully on my neighbors to see if they are noticing my agitation, and in huge, capital letters I read the same word on the hazy air between us.

This will not do; some one will notice the effect the bill has had on me, and there will be trouble. Besides, I have dropped a parcel. I stoop down and gather up the fallen goods, and seat myself in a near



doorway. Then I slowly fasten up my bundle again, and gradually master my emotion.

There are several people standing gazing at the bill, and one man in his shirt sleeves, with his leather apron thrown over his shoulder, is reading aloud the notice. In a moment I place myself by his side and carefully, yet rapidly, read over every word.

"MURDER!" it says in great flaming letters.

Underneath, in letters nearly as large, there is an offer of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD for the body of one, William Abram Moore, who is charged with the killing of his wife. Then follows a minute description of the murderer and the names of various parties to whom any information concerning the case may be given. When I have read it all over, I turn slowly and move off up York street, taking great pains to avoid attracting attention and carefully watching to see if, for any reason, I am being followed.

I want to get home. I want to warn father and Bill Moore that the neighborhood is getting decidedly warm for a certain old-time friend of ours. A shudder passes over me as I remember that two nights ago this man had slept by my side. MURDER! That's a horrible word. Yes, but how are we going to get him away, and where can he go? Why, nearly all the fly-collars know Bill, and—hello, here's



"MURDER! IT SAYS IN GREAT FLAMING LETTERS."

Gardener's Lane. Well, I'll go on a little further and double back. Just so, my thoughts run, while my eyes are actively in use taking in all my surroundings.

I go on past the lane, then suddenly turn back and slip down to the house, feeling sure that no one has followed me.

"Where have you been so—Why, what's up, Tom?" Father is up out of his seat and by my side, in one stride. Moore rises to his feet, also, but falls back weakly, again. His face looks hollow and ghastly in the dull light of the day.

As rapidly and concisely as I possibly can, I relate all that I have seen during my morning walk. I am pleased to notice the look of assurance come back to father's face as he hears my story and learns how careful I have been to avoid suspicion.

"Oh," says he, "that's all right; that notice doesn't concern anyone here. Did you get some ham, Tom? That's good. We'll have some coffee with a drop of rum in it, Bill, and then we'll take a nap for an hour or two."

Corkey is lying stretched out across the foot of the bed. His heavy, stertorous breathing has formed a disagreeable accompaniment to all that has been said since my return. The coffee is soon made, and breakfast eaten; Moore contenting himself with several cups of coffee mixed with rum. When the meal is ended, a quilt is thrown down on the floor, and, after a little persuasion, Moore is induced

to lie down, father taking a place by his side, after giving me stringent orders to keep quiet and under no circumstances to dare to leave the room.

Moore is very restless and uneasy—continually turning from side to side, asking questions without waiting for an answer—“I didn’t mean it, Fred,” he almost moans, as he utters the words; “I never thought as ’ow—d’yer s’pose I kin git away ter-morrer?” Thus he goes on; dozing a little from time to time, then waking with a startled movement that brings father up on his feet, wide awake and vigilant, on the instant. With a word of re-assurance they lie down again. On the bed, Corkey snores away in a drunken stupor; I sit and plan, and imagine, and watch, while the dreary hours of that seemingly endless day drag their slow length along.

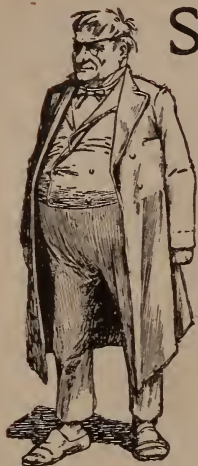
In the dusk of the evening, the three men left the house together. Moore started to threaten me with certain awful disasters that would occur, if I peached, but father, with a few stern words closed his mouth. “You know your business, Tom,” was all he said to me as he passed down the stairs.

I never saw Bill Moore again. A few days later he was caught, disguised, in company with a knife grinder, somewhere in the suburbs of London. In due time he was tried, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life.



## CHAPTER IX.

MR. REILLY'S IN CHURCH LANE.



**S**HORTLY after the death of my mother, I found myself, once more, employed at the Westminster Industrial School, learning to set type and making paper bags.

Through the kindness of a gentleman who was a constant visitor to the school, and who, for reasons that were then a complete mystery to me, but which, through

God's grace, I can understand and appreciate now, always evinced a deep interest in the welfare of us boys. I, in company with another lad, Steve Brown, by name, was given an outing and an introduction to the purity and quiet of country home life.

We were taken to the home of a widow, who lived in a small cottage on the estate of Baron Pollock, at Hatton, near Hounslow. There, for one whole month, we reveled in the luxury of being able to roam at will in the fields and lanes; to climb trees, gather apples and even help glean after the reapers. And all this without having to dodge from policemen or worry about the reception we would meet

on our home-coming each night. What a contrast that clean, sweet-smelling bedroom was to the Gardener's Lane abode I had left behind. And yet, before the



"THERE I BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH THE IMMORTAL  
'ROBINSON CRUSOE'."

month had expired, such an intense longing for the old scenes possessed me, that I came near slipping back to the city without leave.

Up in that little bed room, in the hush of the long twilight of the autumn evenings, I made the acquaintance of the immortal Robinson Crusoe.

After our return to the city, a situation was found for me with the great, well-known firm of Spottiswoode & Co., the Queen's printers. I worked for them for a few months, establishing for myself during the time, a bad reputation all over the immediate vicinity.

This was the spring of 1860. The volunteer movement was in its incipient stages. A cadet corps was enrolled at Spottiswoode's, and I, among others, became a member. But, just as I had received my new uniform, my ill-conduct culminated in my discharge as an incorrigible by Mr. Wright, the then superintendent.

Some years previous to this, I had formed the acquaintance of a genial old scoundrel who kept a lodging house in Church Lane, St. Giles'. My chum, Kinch Jackson, had formally introduced me to Mr. Reilly, and had been my sponsor on that occasion. Now, I had lost sight of Kinchey for a long time, and in the hope of hearing of him and, also, to avoid some trouble at home, I visited the den of this old thief-maker once more.

Mr. Reilly welcomed me as an old acquaintance, and I fell at once into my proper place as one of his serviceable imps. Kinch Jackson, I soon learned, had met the usual fate of his tribe. He had been arrested many times and had escaped with short terms in the "Downs" or the "Steel"—slang terms which we applied to Tothill Field's prison and Clerken-

well—but in the end had been sent up for three years. The single eye of old Reilly would glow with admiration whenever he spoke of Kinchey's cleverness and courage, and he never tired of extolling his firmness and audacity as shown in his last trial.

"Ah," he would wheeze out, "if you kids was on'y like 'im. There was a boy as nobody or nothink could never do nothink with. Yer never seen 'im go hout an' stay hout for 'ours an' them come in without nothink. There, git out—go and waste yer time—yer may be hable to bring in a little sumfin, but yer carn't, none ov yer, be like 'im."

I was very soon a prime favorite with Mr. Reilly. I remember how elated I felt when he held me up as an example to be copied by the other lads. Yet, boy though I was, I managed to form a pretty accurate estimate of him and his fulsome praise.

On several occasions I was found very serviceable by some of the men who at different times made visits to our abode. They always paid me well, and I was able to frequent the galleries of certain theaters that were favorites of mine, and take some companion with me.

So far in life I had been very fortunate in escaping a long term. This I attributed to my superior skill, and would boast among my associates, and out of sheer bravado, do things that seem almost incredible to myself as I look back upon them. But there is an end to all things



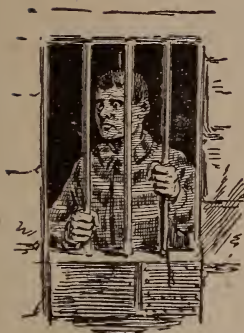
except a circle, it is said, and my manner of life could only end in one way, "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

On the fourteenth day of October, 1860, under the alias of James Smith, I was sentenced to three years' confinement at the Feltham Reformatory.

The police officer who escorted me down to Feltham must have been a good man, for the advice he gave me made such a marked impression on my mind that I still remember some of his words. After a bath, I was given a suit that was warm and comfortable. On the left arm, and also on the band of the cap, in very ornamental figures, there was displayed the number, 274. I was at once made to understand that my identity was completely swallowed up in that number—and that I must remember to answer at all times when the number was called. So, for the next three years, the name of Tom Fogarty passed out of my life, and James Smith, No. 274, took its place.

## CHAPTER X.

### A MODEL PRISONER AT FELTHAM.



FELTHAM REFORMATory. What shall I say of it? Within its walls I spent many a happy, contented hour. In its school rooms and work shops I was taught sufficient of book learning and trade-craft to have en-

abled me to go through life and hold my own in the race against many who started under better and fairer auspices, if only I had been able to master my innate inclination to do evil.

The school was in its infancy. Thousands of boys have grown up into young manhood there, and have passed out into the world for good or ill since that time. I have met with its graduates in prisons or cities of Canada and the United States. But at that time the term of the first boy received had not expired.

The office of chaplain and governor was combined in the person of a Rev. Dr. Croker, but he passed away shortly after my arrival, and in his stead, as chaplain, there came a goodly cricket-loving little cleric by the name of Pilkington, who prided himself, I remember, on the fact that he was descended from the great

Claverhouse—Bonnie Dundee. The position of governor was filled, for a short time, by a noble-looking, kind-hearted gentleman named Kehoe, who tenderly cared for me during a severe attack of sickness from which I suffered during my first winter at Feltham. After him came a soldier, Capt. J. R. Brookes, and he was still reigning when my day of freedom arrived.

I will not attempt to depict my daily life while serving my sentence. The details would prove interesting, I believe, but the years that have elapsed since then have been so fruitful of incident and adventure, that I cannot afford the necessary space.

I was assigned to work in the carpenter shop, under the tutelage of a Mr. John Burroughs, an honest, God-fearing man. His assistant, Mr. McFarlane, was, beyond question in my estimation, the truest, sweetest-dispositioned Christian it was ever my lot to meet. I here confess, to my own shame and the honor of the noble lives of these two men, that nothing but my own natural depravity kept me from becoming a Christian after I became intimate, as I did, with the beauty and purity of their daily life.

I found my old chum, Kinch, enjoying himself here under the name of Flannigan, No. 36. His term had already half expired. I was placed in D section, Tom Benfield being the master, and soon began to make a good impression because of my

aptitude in learning my daily lessons in school and in workshop.

One thought occurs to me which I want to interject into my narrative just at this point. I have had a very wide personal acquaintance with criminals, in and out of prison, and also with prison life reformatory and corrective, and the experience of my life has taught me that the best behaved prisoner, man or boy, is usually the professional criminal.

Your accidental convict is always in a state of rebellion. His mind had planned other and better things for itself. He readily incurs the suspicion, yes, even the hatred of his guard or keeper, by his almost involuntary breach of some of the many minor rules laid down for his daily conduct. He soon finds himself punished for doing things that he knows are done with impunity by others more cunning than himself. He feels that he is a marked man, and if he is so unwise as to attempt to resent this imposition, his life, irksome at best, is often made intolerable.

On the other hand, the professional comes already primed for the ordeal before him. He has listened many times with eager ears, while older graduates have gleefully recounted the various tricks and subterfuges practiced by them to alleviate or soften the asperities of prison life. Besides, there is no resentment in his breast against any of the prison officials because of his misfortune. He



may, and often does, harbor a deep-seated feeling of bitterness and revenge against the policeman or detective who "pinched" him, but that will keep until he has "done his bit." In the meantime here he is just where he fully expected to be, a little sooner than he anticipated, perhaps, but, never mind—the proper thing, in fact, the only thing to do, is to act wise and get on the right side of the "screws." While serving my term at Feltham, I was a model prisoner. This can be easily verified by the records.

It was the custom in those days, at the end of each quarter, to give a good conduct stripe, to be worn on the right sleeve, to every prisoner who had managed to escape punishment for the previous three months. On Dec. 31, 1860, I received my first good conduct stripe, and on the last day of September, 1863, I was given my last. I had not failed in getting one at any time through my whole term. So, for the last thirteen days of my sentence, I wore twelve stripes stitched on my arm, as an indication of my excellent conduct.

In addition, I wore a band of red, one of white, and one of yellow, encircling my arm, denoting monitorship in the school-room, the section and the workshop, respectively. Quite a record for good conduct, one would naturally remark, and many predicted good things that would happen to me because of my docility and obedience. And yet I doubt if in that

whole gathering of immature law-breakers, there could be found my equal for hellish rascality and thoroughbred wickedness.

The place was more of the nature of a work-school than a prison. Its title—"Middlesex Industrial School"—indicates very completely, the intentions of its founders. A very large amount of freedom was given to the boys within the confines of the place. We were dressed warmly, and fed sufficiently well. At night we slept in large dormitories—fifty hammocks in each room—in the nominal charge of the section monitors. A more baneful, pernicious system than this was never invented by the arch-fiend himself. I do not care to say more than this, that any good derived from the teachings of the schoolroom, workshop or church during the day, was more than counter-balanced by the evil thoughts and words, and the corrupt and impure practices indulged in and perpetrated in the dormitories at night. I trust they have been long since abolished.

More than a generation has elapsed since the days of which I write. I have been a participant in many acts and scenes since that time. Under very peculiar circumstances and in many strange places, I have met with some of my old companions and associates of the old school. And although I am sorry to say I left Feltham worse, I believe, morally, than on the day

of my entry, if that was possible, yet I have always had a sneaking regard for the school and a tender regret for the days mis-spent within its confines.

Now and then it would happen that the memory of the old London life would prove too much for some one of the boys or young men, and there would be a sudden flitting. The result would inevitably be the return of the culprit and his flogging in public in the presence of the section to which he belonged.

This propensity on the part of the boys came near involving me in serious trouble one time, in spite of all my cunning and shrewdness.

While I was still in section D, among my mates was one, Thomas Hopkins, No. 176. He was quite a favorite with me. On a certain occasion he sounded me as to the feasibility of escaping and not being retaken. I don't know why, but I always felt that there was no hope in that direction, and I plainly told him so. So the matter was dropped.

Young Hopkins, however, was not disposed to give the idea up so easily. I think he worked in the tailor shop. He and some three or four others who worked with him, determined they would test it for themselves. One dark night they very quietly slipped out of their respective dormitory windows, and were off for London and freedom.

Just before daybreak the next morning,

we in section D were awakened by the noise of the unlocking of the doors, and by the voice of the Master, Mr. Benfield.

I sat up in bed and saw in the doorway the drill sergeant, Bourne, and the governor. While I was still wondering, Mr. Benfield strode over to my bed and, pointing tragically at me, said:

"That boy is privy to the whole thing. Take him with you, Sergeant Bourne; he was privy to the whole thing."

Many a hearty laugh have I and others had over that charge, since then, but at that time it was no laughing matter.

Hopkins had chosen my window for his point of departure, and had tied his sheets to the rail at the head of my hammock. This he did because he knew I would keep quiet, even should I awake while he was getting away.

I protested my innocence, but they led me away to a solitary cell. There I was kept on bread and water for two days, when Hopkins and some of the others were brought back. They stated positively that I knew nothing about their plans. This, coupled with my previous record, saved me, in spite of the fact that Mr. Benfield persisted in believing me guilty. He treated me harshly from that time forward, and I am confident that my subsequent transference to section F alone saved me from many a report and punishment that would have resulted from his dislike of me.

L. O. C.



When I went to Feltham I was in my fourteenth year, and the three years spent there made quite a change in my personal appearance. I eagerly rushed up to London on the day of my liberation and made my way at once to the by-ways of Westminster, the place of my birth.

I had sent a private message to my father by Kinch Jackson, when he was released, giving him particulars of my sentence, my name and story, etc., and I received a letter from him under an assumed name, giving me lots of good advice and counsel, for the benefit of the authorities, and several little items of information which I alone understood. He had promised to visit me, but he came not, neither did I receive any more letters. When I went among my old acquaintances, I soon learned the reason for this. Father was serving one of his usual periodic sentences for some infraction of the law.

Kinch, when I met him, was apparently overjoyed to see me again. He had grown quite manly looking, his cheeks being adorned with thin, straggling whiskers, which he evidently admired very much. But as I often told him afterwards, he stroked, and rubbed, and pulled at them so incessantly, that he gave them no chance to grow.

"Hullo, 274!" he cried, as soon as we met. "Why, Tommy, ole boy, come an' 'ave summut."

We went into a dive or low concert sa-

loon on Tothill street, and soon we were seated in the tap-room with our foaming pewters on the table at hand. The frequenters of the place, as they passed in or out, nearly all recognized and spoke to Kinch. To many of them, he introduced me as Fred Fogarty's son, "jist hout frum doin' a bit." The usual result was an invitation to drink. I noticed, also, that the women seemed desirous of talking with me about my experience, and even joked and drank with me. I began to realize the fact that three years had made a vast change in my life. While the singing was going on, Kinch related to me his adventures since his arrival in the city.

"I'm a doin' orl right, Tommy," said he. "See 'ere. Them's ther kind o' things to 'ave in yer kick." And he pulled out a small handful of gold from his inside pocket.

"If yer want a couple o' quid or so, Tommy, 'ere it is for yer. When yer git to work agin it'll be orl right."

I thanked him for his friendly offer, and told him his conduct was just what I had always expected of him. At the same time I did not hesitate to help myself from his pile.

He was flush of money just at that time, having made a successful trip to some out-lying town with some house-workers. For perhaps a wek after our first meeting he played the part of host, taking me to theaters and places of

amusement, and making me acquainted with many things that I had been too young to know practically before my trip to Feltham. When his money gave out, we went to rooming together, and during that winter we sometimes worked together on some job, but more often alone. In any and every event, we divided up fairly, I think.

When the great prize-fight between Heenan and King occurred, we had planned to go and see it. Something happened that prevented my going, and Kinch went down alone. At the scene of the fight he met with a former associate, who came to our room shortly after, and the result was Kinch soon after went off with him to do a job at some little country town, and failed to return.

My father was released in the spring, and for a short time we lived together. I made several efforts to get work and live honestly, but some little temptation would soon bring me back to the old life. Father was getting along in years. Born in 1810, and living the rapid, dissolute life he had, he naturally felt some of the infirmities of his age. But he never manifested any desire or inclination to change his manner of life. With all his vice, he was an exceptionally brainy man, and he recognized the fact that out of himself there could come no change for good. And he dared not hope for help from others.

In the heat of summer, during the

week of the great battle between the Kersarge and Alabama, while the whole city was excited over the escape of Capt. Semmes, I received a message from Capt. Brookes asking me to come down to Felt-ham on matters of importance to myself. I said nothing to father, but quietly slipped down to the school, and was received in a very encouraging manner both by the governor and by the chaplain.

In the course of a long conversation with me, the following day, Capt. Brookes gave me very plainly to understand that by ways known only to themselves, the prison authorities had managed to keep thoroughly conversant with my manner of life during my few months of liberty in London.

He expressed a great interest in my future, and by various examples, showed me the inevitable result of my present course, and wound up by advising me to go to Canada. I was just at the age and of the disposition to welcome anything or go anywhere that involved a change of scene, so I very readily agreed that it would, perhaps, be better for me to leave England. He told me to think it over, and give him an answer the next day.

I went around among the boys, and was welcomed very gladly by those who had known me of old. They inquired as to the whereabouts of this or that former inmate, and I gave them all the information I possibly could.



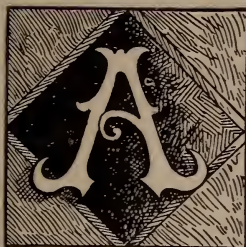
The next day I gave a final assent to Capt. Brookes' proposal. I had always represented myself as an orphan to the authorities, so they knew nothing of father's existence. Immediate preparations were made for my passage. I was furnished with a painted wooden chest to hold my clothing. Two complete outfits, I think, were given me, then I was introduced to another younger lad—probably twelve years of age—who was going to be my companion on the voyage. Some excellent advice was given us by Capt. Brookes and Rev. Mr. Pilkington, then with a parting wave of the hand, I bade farewell to old Feltham, and started on my road to a new world, and, as I sometimes foolishly imagined, perhaps to a new and better life.

On our arrival in Liverpool, we were met at the depot by an agent who had received notice of our coming. He cared for us, attended to all our needs, and saw us safely away on ship-board.

On a bright afternoon in the latter part of June, 1864, the clippership, "Guy Mannering," left the dock at Liverpool, and moved slowly down the Mersey toward the sea, carrying nearly 500 souls of various nationalities, bound for the Eldorado of the western ocean. And on her deck, lonely among the crowd waving their farewells to friends ashore, stood Tom Fogarty, the born Ishmael of the London streets, with his little chance companion by his side.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE LANDING IN THE NEW WORLD.



**A**FTER a rough and tedious passage of nearly five weeks' duration, we were landed at the once-famous Castle Garden, on the Battery, in New York. At that time a large tide of immigration was pouring into the United States from Europe; and thousands landed daily at the port of New York, many of them drawn thither by the enormous bounties offered for volunteers and substitutes for the army.

It was just after the fall of Atlanta, and the scene that met my eyes, as I walked up town, could only be compared to a vast military bee-hive. Gold was at a premium, one dollar in gold being worth about two dollars and fifty cents in greenbacks. I remember how delighted I was, when I exchanged my few pounds of English money for American currency, to find my small stock of wealth more than doubled by the transaction.

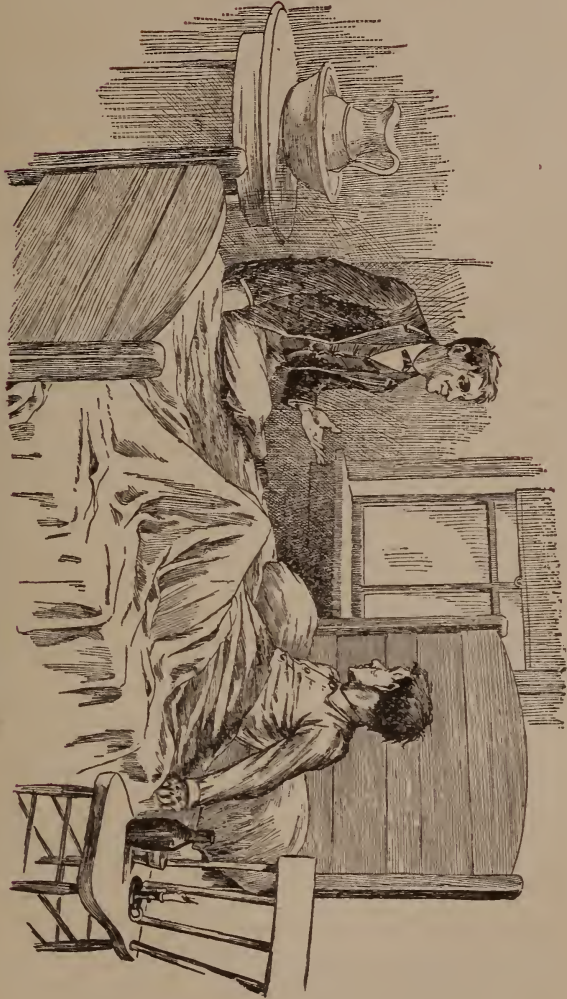
On the voyage I had made the acquaintance of two men who were natives of Birmingham. Like myself, they were steerage passengers, and they had taken a great deal of notice of me, which was very pleasing to me, as they were both of mature age and evidently shrewd men of

the world. They had learned from me that I and my companion were ticketed through to Toronto, in Canada, and, as soon as we were landed they offered to buy our tickets if we should want to stay in New York. I had an idea that Toronto was better suited to, and offered an easier field for my talents, so I refused to sell, but the lad was charmed by the sights and sounds of the busy city, and readily agreed to sell. In consequence, we parted there and then, and I have never seen or heard of him since.

A few days after, we crossed into Canada by way of the Suspension Bridge, and I stood, for a few moments, on the banks of Niagara and looked, with deep interest, at the enormous, awe-inspiring sea of water pouring, in endless flood, over the falls.

The next day we arrived at Toronto, and before nightfall I found myself surrounded by a group of congenial spirits; most of them Feltham graduates, but a few were American born. They gave me a hearty welcome, and while they kept me busy answering questions concerning those left behind in London, they were very generous and free, treating me, at short intervals, to all manner of fancy liquors and drinks. The result was I soon became oblivious to my surroundings, and I have no definite idea of my manner of life for the ensuing two or three days, as my whole system was completely dominated by rum.

"HE TOLD ME I MUST STRAIGHTEN UP."





Among the gang there was a bright young fellow, about my own age, named Jack Spencer—his number formerly at Feltham had been 238, I think—who had been very cordial in his greeting on my arrival, and had offered to help me financially. One morning, about the end of my first week in Toronto, he came to my bedside as I slept in drunken stupor, and, after awakening me, told me I must straighten up, as he had a scheme whereby we both could make a pot of money.

I distinctly remember how mean and wretched I felt as I followed Spencer down stairs and out into the street. In company with my old partner, Kinch Jackson, I had often imbibed more beer than I could conveniently carry, but I had never gone through such a continuous drunken debauch as this had been. Oh, how I suffered! I had but one definite thought and resolution—first, to allay, if possible, the awful thirst that possessed me, and then, under no circumstances, would I ever make such a fool and beast of myself again. The road to hell is paved with just such resolutions. Of a truth, I was laying a fine foundation for my future in the New Land.

As soon as I was in fit condition, Spencer escorted me to the City Hall and ushered me into the presence of as pretty a pair of scoundrels as it has ever been my lot to meet—and my acquaintance in that line has not been very limited.

"'Ere, Aleck," said Spencer, addressing one of the men—a small, villainous-looking, hump-backed individual—"this 'eres Tommie Fogarty, wot I told you about."

They greeted me very pleasantly, and after a drink around, one of them asked Jack if he had posted me about the business in hand.

"No, I aint said nothink to 'im, honly I told 'im there was a charnce to make a reglar pot o' money—same as I 'ave," answered Spencer.

"Well, it's this way," said the taller of the two.

"I dunno but he's too small—how old are yer?" turning abruptly to me.

"Eighteen," was my reply.

"Oh, he's orl right; he's holder than me," chimed in Spencer.

"Well, we'll try it, anyhow. You be at the depot this evening, and we'll go to Buffalo. You keep him with you, Jack, and keep him straight. Tell him how the land lays, and we'll talk it over tonight on the road."

During the afternoon Spencer enlightened me as to the object of our coming trip. My new acquaintances were engaged in the extremely lucrative business of "Sub-running" and "Bounty-jumping."

During the latter years of the war, large bounties were offered by the city, county and state governments to induce men to enlist, in order that their quota of men, called for by the general government at

Washington, might be filled. When this failed, conscription was resorted to. The result was, that many wealthy men were "drafted," and these would gladly pay sums that were almost enormous, for substitutes to take their places in the ranks. Here was a splendid opportunity for fraud, which was eagerly taken advantage of by hundreds, and even thousands, of men. They went from one recruiting point to another, all over the North, and enlisted, then just as soon as they received the bounty money, a companion provided a suit of citizens' clothes and they moved forward to new pastures. To such an extent was this carried, that I here affirm that I afterwards made the acquaintance of a colored man who kept a saloon on York street, Toronto, who boasted that he had taken the bounty some twenty-five or twenty-six times, without ever having to go to the front. So much, by way of explanation. •

That night we left Toronto for the States. It was determined that we should go to Lockport, and the larger man—whose name was Crow—gave us tickets and told us to be sure and not appear to recognize them on the train. On the road, Spencer told me of several trips he had made with these men and others, engaged in the same business, and explained the method of escape after the money was secured.

On reaching Lockport, no time was lost,

but at once I was taken up to the recruiting office and entered as a substitute. I passed through an extremely superficial examination by a doctor, and then was regularly sworn in; renouncing all allegiance to all foreign potentates and powers, especially to the sovereign of the land of my birth.

So far, so good. It was necessary for me to pass some other official—to this day I do not know what was his office or title—and while we were waiting, the men from Toronto kept me company and cheered me up with several stiff drinks of whisky. They overdid it.

Presently, a door opened, and I, in company with a number of others, was marched into a room before an officer who asked some questions of each, and then passed them on. By the time I had reached the front of the desk where this official sat, everything in the place was spinning around before my disordered vision, and I had completely lost control of my tongue.

Something was said, some question asked, and I found myself giving what I thought was a very witty answer, for which I got a punch in the back from the butt end of a gun in the hands of one of the guards. Then something was said about the army wanting men, not drunken boys, and I was bundled out into the arms of my Toronto friends, who were completely disgusted, and with many curses



freely expressed their opinion of my conduct.

I cared but very little for their abuse. My whole desire was to get off somewhere by myself and just sleep and sleep. So I wandered off my way, and they went theirs. The next morning a citizen of Lockport, when he came to open his office, found me curled up like a dog, on the mat by his door, fast asleep.

I suppose I must have appeared very woe-begone and miserable. I was questioned closely by the man who had found me, and he interested others in my story. I merely stated that I was a greenhorn emigrant from England, brought over from Toronto by parties to enlist, and abandoned by them because I was rejected by the military authorities.

One man kindly took me to his home, and, in a few days, work was found for me at a sash factory and planing mill owned by a Mr. Jackson, who was, at that time, I think, mayor of Lockport. Then, in a short while, I obtained a situation as clerk in a hardware store, in the lower town, kept by a noble, kind-hearted gentleman named Beverly. He manifested a kindly interest in me and my future. He was forbearing and gentle with me, excusing my many mistakes and faults, and by his evident regard for me, he brought into my barren life new emotions, and opened up depths of thought that I had never previously experienced.

He induced me to attend Sunday School, and also evening instruction in vocal music. He began to make preparations for taking me into his own home with his mother, and, in fact, an altogether new life, brighter, better and happier by far than anything I had ever hoped for, began to dawn before me. But it was not to be.

What right had I to expect the comfort and peace of a home of respectability? I had made a false start. When questioned as to my antecedents, in self-defense I had lied. I could not hope for pity, compassion, fellowship or aid from any one of that group that surrounded me that first morning in Lockport, if I had told the truth and owned myself a waif of the London slums, expatriated, probably as much for my country's good as for my own. My early training, my inclination, led me to hide the truth, as a matter of course; so I told my little story and added to it as circumstances or the curiosity of some inquisitive acquaintance, demanded; winding myself up in the meshes of a fanciful cobweb of untruth that proved too strong for my weak will to break, when it became irksome and a new power within me began to cry out for freedom. That cry was stifled in my breast; under an assumed name, I went on living a daily lie, and I paid the penalty for my deceit by years of sorrow, shame and suffering.

I spent most of my time in the lower

town, very seldom, indeed, during the winter, going up the hill to the city by the locks.

One memorable afternoon, however, I had been up town, and, coming across the canal bridge, I stopped for a moment to look at the boats moving along through the masses of broken ice. This was in March, 1865, and there was a feeling of spring in the air.

I started briskly away from the bridge in a hurry to get back to the store, and, turning a corner, my heart fairly came into my mouth, as I came face to face with an old Feltham chum.

He was so near to the corner, that we had met and passed before there was time to more than casually glance at each other. But in that momentary look I had seen a gleam of puzzled inquiry break over the well-known face that told me, only too well, that recognition would speedily follow. I walked on as rapidly as I dared, hoping that I might reach the next turning, and then the speed that had often been my salvation in former days, should be exercised once more. But in this I was disappointed; I had gone but a short distance, when I heard a hurrying step behind, while the familiar Cockney accent and inflection of speech, broke on my disgusted ears, as my would-be friend called out, "'Allo, there! Wot's yer 'urry, 274?"

Stifling a curse that rose to my lips, I walked steadily on, paying no apparent

heed, until he laid his dirty hand on my shoulder. I turned, with a simulated look of surprise, and, with rather an abortive imitation of what I conceived to be Yankee dialect, I asked what he wanted with me.

"W'y, look 'ere," said he, "I carnt be mistaken, yer know. You know me. I'm Denny Kennedy—wot was 175 at Feltham, yer know."

But I assured him, in the very best language at my command, that I guessed that I did not know him, and, what was more to the purpose, I told him I reckoned he didn't know, either: that he was barking up the wrong tree and had got me mixed up with some other coon, so he'd better skedaddle on and tackle someone else.

As I walked away I tried to make myself believe that I had hoodwinked him, but, deep in my heart I felt that he knew me, and that he would never rest until he made me acknowledge his acquaintance.

Oh, how I hated him as I marched on, block after block, anywhere away from the direction of the store. I turned corner after corner, believing that he was shadowing me, although I could see no signs of him. As I passed the door of a well-patronized billiard hall, I thought I saw a chance to throw him over, so I turned back, abruptly, and entering, I seated myself among some onlookers of a game that was in progress. For more than an hour I sat, apparently interested



in the varying fortunes of the players, but, in reality, my whole attention was riveted on those who entered through the swinging doors from the street. Finally, with a deep feeling of satisfaction, I left the hall and slipped rapidly through the gathering gloom of the evening, my mind busy concocting a plausible excuse for my long absence from the store.

For a few days I lived in constant fear of his appearance. So much did I dread the possibility of his discovering my whereabouts, and the exposure that might result therefrom, that I thought seriously of running away and disappearing quietly, leaving no trace behind. But as day after day passed, I grew more hopeful, and once more I began to dream of a quiet, restful future. I was building on sand.

Mr. Beverly did a thriving business with a number of peddlers, who drove through the adjacent country exchanging tinware and queensware for rags, etc., all of which in turn was bought by Mr. Beverly and resold in car-load lots.

One morning, probably ten days after my adventure up town, I was engaged with two peddlers in the warehouse adjoining the store. The door was open, and I stood bent over, taking note of the weight of some material on the scales, when, at the sound of one word, I turned involuntarily, and looked straight into the cunning eyes of Dennis Kennedy. I made no defense; attempted no denial; simply said "get out

and wait," and as he walked out, I turned and went on with my work, outwardly calm, but with a hell-storm of passion raging within. How I cursed my miserable luck, as I termed it. How I berated myself for my idiotic weakness in being caught so easily. I went over the whole scene again and again, mentally check-mating Mr. Kennedy and driving him ignominiously from the warehouse; and yet I could not but admire the simplicity and skill of his attack.

He had found my resting place and then, at the right moment, had snared me by merely uttering the nickname that for years, in times gone by, had been my very own among those who knew me most intimately. In spite of myself, I turned with a smile at the sound of that name, and as I turned, I acknowledged myself beaten.

I was in no hurry to go out to meet my obtrusive friend; it was a very unpalatable dose for me to take, but I saw no way to avoid it. When at last I left the store, I walked away down-town towards the outskirts, knowing he would be close on my trail. I kept on, until I came to a small grove of chestnut trees, seated myself on a fallen log and looked for my man. He was close at hand, coming towards me from the railroad track, which ran near, and to add to my disgust and anger, I saw that he had a companion with him.

They were fairly well dressed, each of

them wearing a suit of a rather loud plaid pattern much affected at that period by men of their class and would-be sports, in general.

"Well, 'ere we are at larst," said Kennedy, seating himself beside me on the log. "This is Johnnie Collins—Boston Collins they calls 'im—he's a friend 'o' mine, Tommie; we're doin' gopher work together, and I tell yer he's just a A number one, and no mistake. I tole 'im about you, so its orl right."

I acknowledged the introduction, and took mental stock of Mr. Collins. There was nothing out of the ordinary in his appearance, except that I noticed the neatness and good taste of his neck-wear and the whiteness of his linen, forming, as they did, a vivid contrast to the general air of slovenliness and grime that was habitual with Kennedy.

After a few remarks of a general nature, I asked why they had taken the trouble to hunt me out. "I showed you plain enough the other day that I didn't want to know you; and it seems to me you ought to be fly enough to take a tumble to yourself and let me alone."

"Well, that's jest it, Tommie," he replied. "I wasn't werry pertikler about knowin' yer or wot you was doin'. We're makin' lots of sugar; look at this," and he flashed a thick roll of bills, "but I wasn't goin' to let you give me the laugh if I knowed it, as I told Boston that arter-



"I SAW THAT HE HAD A COMPANION WITH HIM."



noon; so we just 'unted you up, and 'ere ye' are. You queered yerself, Tommie, w'en yer tried to stall me orf, yer know."

We talked together for a short time, and then we parted, I agreeing to meet them the following evening in a certain saloon up town, which they were making their headquarters. As we separated, Collins said a word to me that lifted him considerably in my estimation:

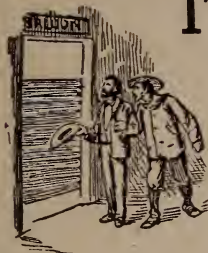
"See here, kid," said he—he was a few years older than I—"You don't have to do nothin' crooked if yer don't want to. If you want to square it, you kin jest bet I aint a goin' to do nuthin' to hinder. Just make a note o' that."

"O' corse not," broke in Kennedy with a laugh. "Wot do we care? Honly if 'e's goin' to square it, that wont hinder 'im a puttin' 'is friends on to hanythink goód wot e' knows of: will it, Tommie old boy?"

He waved his hand in parting salute, and I walked back to the store, my whole being filled with bitterness and hatred toward him and the rest of the world, and contempt for myself, for I plainly saw what the inevitable result would be.

## CHAPTER XII.

### BACK TO TORONTO,



THE following evening, at the appointed time, I walked into the saloon and met Mr. Kennedy. Collins was there, and some half dozen other men to whom Kennedy wished to introduce me, but I vetoed that proposition at once, and made him understand, distinctly, that if he didn't want me to kick over the traces, he must accord me the privilege of choosing my own acquaintances.

Collins supported me in this, remarking that they were "only a rank lot o' lushers; not a good man among 'em."

We sat down at a table in a little alcove and talked over old times in London and at Feltham. Kennedy told me of his doings in Whitechapel, after his discharge, and of his life since landing in America, and I warmed up and related my experience in the new land.

Boston Collins I found to be very reticent; only putting in an occasional word, sufficient to show he was listening to the conversation. He impressed me very favorably, at the time, as a man who would make a good working pal if one wanted to go back to the old life. This impression was completely confirmed by an associa-

tion with him some years afterwards in New York City.

Kennedy was very talkative and jocular in a rude, boisterous way. He plied me with offers of drink and cigars, but he was not smooth enough, nor sufficiently skillful to lead me far in that direction. Fear of exposure made me fraternize with him to the extent of meeting him in this questionable place, but the same fear was my safeguard against his bungling attempts to draw me on, and in those days drink was not my master. In a round about way he tried to gain some information from me concerning the general lay of the land in the lower town of Lockport, and I noticed that Collins was keenly attentive to all I said in reply to Kennedy's questions; but I had been too well trained to permit such a novice in the art of pumping to draw anything out of me that I wished to retain. As I quietly let myself into my bedroom that night, after parting with them, I felt assured that nothing I had said could be of use to them in any crooked work they might contemplate doing. I found considerable satisfaction in this thought, not because I had become more honest than of old, but because I had grown to love the new life that was opening up before me, and hated, with bitter hatred, the man whose hand seemed to be stretched out to wantonly drag me back to the old way.

Strange paradox. During the short

period that I had been living in quiet and peace in Lockport; earning my daily bread by honest work, and forming acquaintance and friendship with good men and women, many a night had I gone to my bed after a pleasant evening spent in delightful company, and then, in the quiet of my own room, there would come upon me an intense longing to be back once more among the old familiar crew; to hear, once again, the stories of tricks turned and cunning evasions of our common enemy, the police. Then I would toss restlessly, sometimes for hours, in my bed with the same feeling of restraint upon me that I have so often felt in prison cell. This was the Ishmaelite blood asserting itself, I suppose. Yet, in spite of this fact, no sooner did there appear a probability of my being forced to relinquish my present position, than at once I was up in arms against whoever should prove to be the agent to cause my loss. I never rightly estimated the comfort of my surroundings, until I felt myself in danger of being parted from them.

I continued to meet Collins and Kennedy at intervals for about a week. They did some work in their line, in the town, but I can truthfully say they accomplished it without my aid or counsel. Kennedy expected certain things of me, but I disappointed him.

Mr. Beverly had placed so much confidence in me, that for some time it had

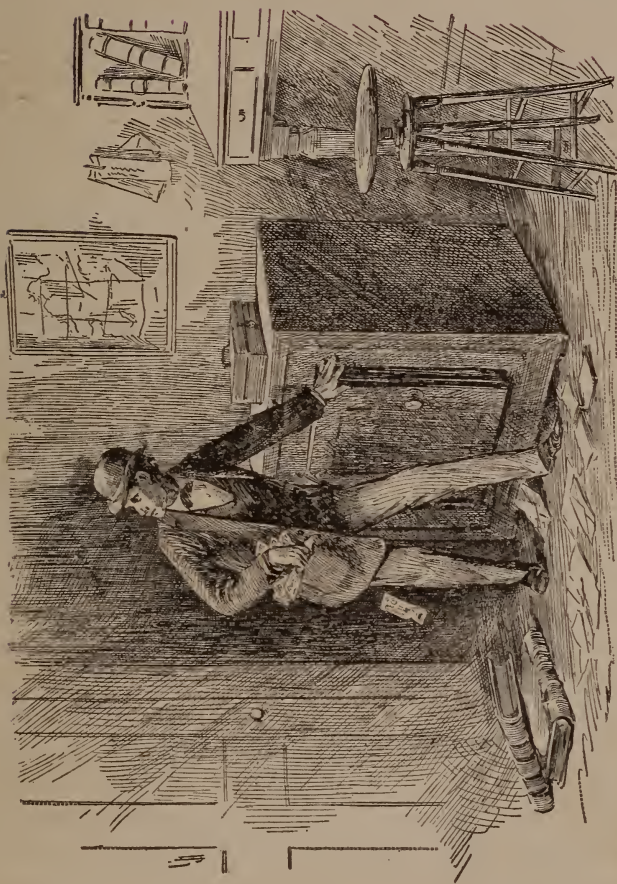


been part of my duty to open the store safe in the morning, and see that it was securely locked at night.

One night, after every one had left, except the tinsmith, who was hammering away on some urgent order in the workshop in the rear of the store, I closed the safe, as usual, but did not lock it. I left nothing of value in it. When morning dawned, I was in Canada; once more a fugitive, back again into the old life, but I laughed as I rolled on towards Toronto, thinking how neatly I had fooled Denny Kennedy.

I laughed then, but in my reckless after-life, in prison and in freedom, I often looked back with longing and regret to the possibilities I forfeited by that night's work.

Toronto, in the spring of 1865, was full of an undesirable, miscellaneous assortment of immigrants from the United States. They had nothing to recommend them, except that they were uniformly lavish in spending their money. Some were refugees from the South; driven from their homes, for the time being, by the war. Some were from the North; self-exiled to avoid the draft. Besides these, there was a horde of "bounty-jumpers" and "sub-runners" continually on the move, slipping across the line to points in adjacent states and returning to Toronto with their ill-gotten gains. I found no lack of congenial spirits in this colony on



"I LEFT NOTHING OF VALUE IN IT."

the day I landed from my trip back from Lockport.

Feltham was well represented, and I found a few more who had come out from England during my absence in the states. They were all very glad, apparently, to see me again, and I resumed the old way of living, drinking and carousing as if my life for the past half year had been only an idle, pleasant dream. Money was plentiful, and everyone was spending with careless hand, and I, of course, was not one whit behind the best or worst of them.

Among the Feltham graduates was a young man whose number had been 349, I think. We called him Thummy, for a nickname. I heard of him many years afterwards as a married man, settled down to a life of respectability and honesty, so I shall content myself by only speaking of him by that name. He was a jovial fellow, very good company for a man of his manner of life. We were in F Section together in the school, and we naturally fraternized on our meeting in Toronto.

He had been rather unfortunate, I should judge, so I staked him, bought him some new clothing, and we proceeded to get rid of the dollars I had brought from Lockport. I have squandered many hundreds of dollars since that time; dollars to which I was no more entitled than I was to them, but I confess I derived less pleasure from them than from any money that I ever handled afterwards.

As if to prove that it was possible for a Feltham boy to live an honest life, even among such a lawless crew as we were, there was a certain young man, Aleck Metge by name, living and working in Toronto, and seemingly respected by all who knew him. He worked for a man who kept a corn and feed store, and the boys were quite eager to take me around to see him. He had worked with me in the carpenter's shop at Feltham, so I wished to see him again, and, in company with Thummy, I called upon him and was introduced, by him, to his employer.

After leaving the store, Thummy told me that the old man who owned the place was wealthy, and that he kept his money on the premises. He said that he and others of the gang, had been trying to work Aleck so that they could touch the place, but they had been unsuccessful. He expressed great contempt for Metge: said if Aleck had any spirit in him, he could get away, any night he chose, with enough to take him back to England in style. "But," said he "he's a chump. 'E'll go on workin' there for years, with the stuff right hunder 'is nose, and never touch none of it. But, jest wait a little," he continued. "You keep yer heye on me, Tommie, and see if I don't git a swipe at 'im afore long."

This meant that Thummy intended making a play for the hoard of Aleck's employer, and was an opening for me to chip



in if I wanted a hand in it. I, however, had not quite got rid of all my money, and felt no inclination to join him, but I spoke encouragingly to him about the job, telling him to go ahead, as it was evidently an easy thing to get into the place, if anything was there to pay for the trouble. The following Sunday evening, without saying anything more to me, he made the attempt and failed.

I was staying alone at a rather pretentious hotel on Simcoe street, but on this Sunday night Jack Spencer came in late to see me on some trivial business, and stayed quite a long time in my company.

Early next morning I was awakened by the porter, who notified me that a gentleman desired to see me in the hotel office. When I went down, I saw Spencer in company with two men, whom I at once recognized as detectives. One of them, McGarry by name, spoke to me very politely and asked to be excused for waking me. Said he: "Do you know this young man?"

"Yes, I am slightly acquainted with him."

"Well, he says that he spent some hours in your company yesterday, is that so?"

I was about to answer, when Spencer broke in, saying: "Wasn't I with you till"—here, the other officer shut off his remark abruptly, closing his mouth by the pressure of a strong hand.

I assured McGarry that Spencer had spent part of the evening in my company.

"Glad to hear that," said he, "as it will be the means of saving Mr. Spencer a great deal of trouble. Perhaps you will be kind enough to walk down to the chief with us, and personally inform him of that fact."

"Certainly, I'll go with pleasure. Please wait a few moments till I arrange some matters in my room, and I'll be at your service."

I started briskly and cheerfully up the stairs, and, entering my room, locked the door. I merely wanted to gain time to think. I knew what would be the outcome, although I was sure that they had no case against me. I looked down into the street, but saw there was no outlet for me in that direction, so I gathered my belongings together, locked them up, and then walked quietly down, and was escorted to the central office, where I found the atmosphere very gloomy and chilly.

I had been very reckless in spending money since my return to Toronto. I had bought a great deal of flashy clothing and showy jewelry. Among other things, I bought a white hat with a huge brim—a regular sombrero—which I wore for a few days, and then gave it to Thummy. On the Sunday night in question, he, in company with another of the gang, made an entry into the house where Aleck Metge was employed. The expectation was that all of the household except Aleck, would be absent, but in this they were mistaken.

One of the gang held the ladder steady, and then was expected to look out below, while the other did the work. Everything worked very smoothly at first; the window was easily opened, and an entrance gained. They believed they knew just where the stuff they were after was kept and, as I afterward heard Thummy declare, it seemed to be "a regular gift." But—"man proposes, and God disposes"—in crossing the room, heavily carpeted, a careless foot was placed on a stove hole, ventilator opening or something of the kind that was covered with a sheet of tin or iron, and although the sensitive, trained foot of the marauder was lifted instantly, barely touching it for a moment, it proved sufficient to alarm the householder who was sitting reading in the room beneath.

After a moment of breathless suspense, every nerve strung to its utmost tension, and the whole body turned into a huge apprehensive ear, eager to catch the faintest sound, my Feltham friend became reassured, and with a muttered curse at his own stupidity and carelessness, he passed on to a strongly-bound chest in the corner of the room, and had just commenced to insert a small, steel "jimmy" or crow-bar into the crack beneath the lid, when the door flew open and the room was flooded with light. There was a brief struggle: a few blows were struck, and then the light was extinguished. The neighbor-

hood was aroused, but the cause of all the commotion managed to make his escape, taking with him a bruised scalp, and leaving behind, in exchange, my broad-brimmed hat. The result was that by 10 o'clock the next morning, the drag-net had been thrown out, and gathered in its meshes a half dozen young men, each of whom had served an apprenticeship in crime in London, and had received his diploma at Feltham Reformatory.

We had a preliminary hearing, and were remanded for a few days, to enable the officers to gather more evidence against us. I was possessed with such a feeling of contempt and hatred for the whole gang, especially toward Spencer, that I could barely restrain myself when we were placed in the dock together. The consequence was that as soon as we were turned loose in the jail, that is, let out of our cells for a short period of exercise, I went at Spencer, and managed to vent some of my spite before I was torn away by the attendant officer. As a punishment for this, I was shoved into a dark cell. I believe that the dark cell has been completely banished from the prisons of the land, but thirty-five years ago they were considered an absolute necessity. I spent the greater part of two days and one night in that dreadful hole, and I confess that the horror of it stayed with me for many a year afterward.

I had read somewhere of a man who had



kept himself from insanity under just such circumstances, by throwing into the gloom of the cell a solitary pin that he had luckily found in his clothing, and then spending hour after hour groping about the stone floor in search of it. In imitation of his action, I tore some buttons from my clothing, and tried to amuse myself by sowing them broadcast over the cell, and then hunting for them. I had grown tired of this, and was lying on the floor conjuring up schemes of future vengeance for all this suffering, when the door was opened, and I was called out into the blinding light of day. At its best, the interior of a jail or prison always wears a sombre shade, but it seemed very bright and cheerful to me when I staggered out into the hallway, in obedience to the command of the turnkey. He led the way, and I followed, my eyes blinking in the sudden accession of light. We entered a room, and I found myself standing speechless and ashamed in the presence of Mr. Beverly.

He spoke to me in the kindest manner that was possible. Told me how shocked and grieved he had been by my conduct. He showed me, by his words, that he had become acquainted with, at least, a portion of my early life, and yet expressed nothing but pity and forgiveness for me. He ended by offering to take me back with him to resume our old relationship toward each other; assuring me that, excepting

"STANDING SPEECHLESS AND ASHAMED IN THE PRESENCE OF MR. BEVERLY."



his mother and one other person, no one in Lockport knew of my villainy. I knew that his offer was made in good faith, and for a brief space of time I felt like accepting his generous offer, but in the next instant I shook my head negatively, and he went sorrowfully away.

I knew myself well enough to know that if I went with him it would only be a question of time when, in all probability, I would go through the same disgraceful proceeding, and again bring sorrow and shame to him. Through all the years of my sin-cursed life, I have ever treasured a deep respect for the memory of that man.

When the day came for trial, I secured the services of a lawyer, but, in spite of his efforts, I, in common with the rest of the gang, was sentenced to thirty days at hard labor in the jail. We were a very unruly set. While breaking rock we managed to keep ourselves and everybody 'round us, in hot water. We were discharged shortly after the date of President Lincoln's assassination, and I found myself once more free in the streets of Toronto thoroughly convinced that its climate was unsuitable to any very lengthy stay on my part.

There is an old saying that "there is honor among thieves;" if there be, I have never been able to find it. On the contrary, my experience has taught me that as a class, law-breakers and criminals are totally unreliable in their actions toward

each other. The man who, today, will risk liberty, and even life, to save a companion from the clutch of the law, will be more than likely to skin him of the last cent and, perhaps, even sell him, tomorrow.

When arrested, I had quite a quantity of valuable stuff of one description or another, such as clothing, valises and other belongings that I had bought while flush of money. One of the gang, who was not gathered in with the rest, came to see us while we were waiting for trial, and also acted as a messenger for any of us who wanted word carried to outside associates or friends. I empowered him to get my clothing, etc., from the hotel, and told him to fix himself up, and hold the rest for me. He disappeared from Toronto, taking everything with him, so, on my discharge, I had nothing but the suit on my back.

For a few months I traveled up and down through Canada, working the different towns, sometimes in company with others, sometimes alone. In the late summer I was arrested for a robbery committed near Oakville. I barely escaped a three years' term at Penetanguishene, on this occasion. The magistrate became interested in me, and I still remember how I chuckled to myself when he remarked, "It is very evident that you have been led astray by some others. Your face is a warrant that this is your first step in this direction." Then he gave me some excel-



lent advice, telling me that I was not accustomed to the snares and wickedness that abounded in this country. In conclusion, he sentenced me to three months' imprisonment, and I was extremely thankful that it was no worse.

The following winter I drifted to the oil region back of Sarnia. Oil Springs, Petrolia, Bothwell and the adjoining neighborhood, was filled with speculators from all parts of Canada and from the United States, who were flush of money and reckless. Where the carcass is, there will, also, be the birds of prey. The opportunity for easy booty brought a vast number of birds of prey to the field. Early in the spring—a few days prior to St. Patrick's Day, I was forced to leave in a hurry. I had never had an opportunity to learn to ride, but stern necessity is apt to prove a very rapid and capable teacher. A portion of the country between Oil Springs and the St. Clair river was flooded; but this did not hinder me from making a helter-skelter ride across country to Mooretown, where I induced a ferry man to row me over to the town of St. Clair, in Michigan. The horse, poor beast, was so utterly used up, that he fell from exhaustion, and I was forced to abandon him about a half mile from Mooretown. Thus, Canada got rid of a very undesirable resident.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### STILL ON THE DOWNWARD PATH.



SHORT time after leaving Canada so abruptly, I found myself in Chicago. Although that city, in 1866, could not compare in magnitude or beauty with the Chicago of today, yet it was a very vigor-

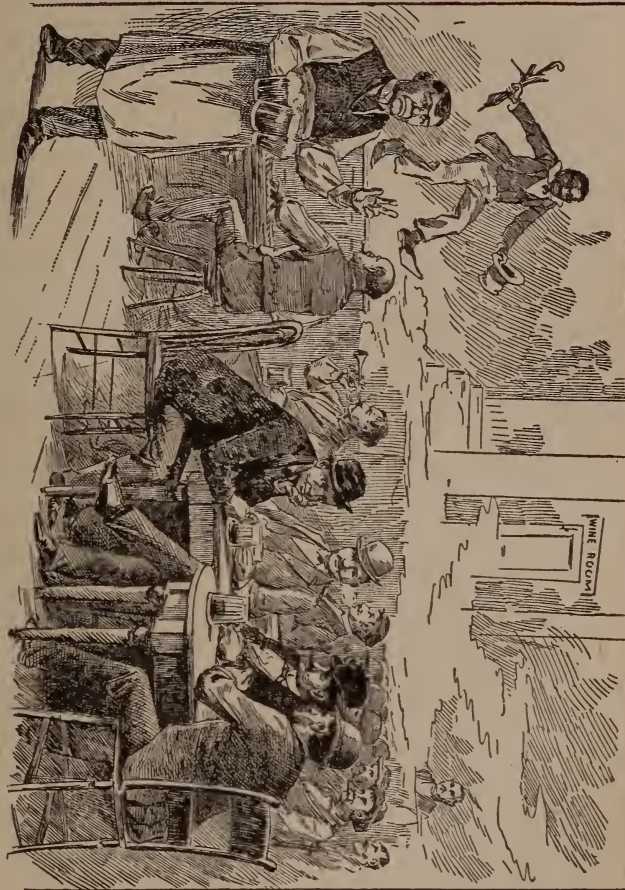
ous, energetic young giant at that time, and offered extraordinary inducements to members of the law-breaking fraternity, among whom I quickly found myself at home. London was well represented by a colony of crooks, most of whom were former denizens of Whitechapel and the neighborhood of the Seven Dials.

I met with some of the Feltham graduates and, as a matter of course, they were following the old life. It is rather a sad commentary on the results of the old-time method of prison reform when I am compelled to admit that in all my career I have never met with but three Feltham lads who were earning their living by honest labor, except those I saw doing their daily tasks in various prisons. One reason for this is because of the vile life I led for so many years, which, to a great extent, debarred me from meeting those who, perhaps, had chosen a quiet, honest life in

some farming community or had settled down as respectable, law-abiding citizens in some of the smaller towns or villages of the land.

As I write, the memory of many encounters that I have had with one, or another of old reform school associates comes very vividly to my mind. I have met them under many peculiar circumstances and in unlooked-for places. As an instance in point. On one occasion I was striving to have a good time in the city of Detroit, Mich. I was flush of money, as it happened, at the time, and, in company with a chum, I was taking in all the various places of amusement. One night we visited a popular variety theater on Jefferson avenue, and I sat for awhile listening, almost heedlessly, to the usual routine of senseless semi-ribald jokes that formed the stock-in-trade for the negro minstrel performers at such low-grade entertainments. I could find no distraction for my mind in such a program, and it was quite a relief to me when my partner suggested that we "finish our beer and git out."

Just then, a performer on the stage ended a verse of a song, and as an interlude began to dance a peculiar step or shuffle such as I had never seen before in America, but it recalled my earlier days in London. I persuaded my friend to wait and have another drink, and then I looked up the actor's name. This gave me no clue, and as he was blacked up I did not



"WE WERE DRINKING AND CHATTING TOGETHER."



recognize him, although I felt sure he was born amidst the smoke of London.

We managed to strike up an acquaintance with a party at an adjoining table, and a little later were drinking and chatting together, while an after-piece was being presented. The actor who had previously claimed my attention by his dancing, had removed the burnt cork from his face, and was playing a prominent part in the farce then occupying the boards, and I was watching him with curious interest when a sudden, left-handed blow he struck with his cane, revealed his identity to me in an instant, and I knew him immediately as Charley Worley of Section C, at Feltham. (No. 247, I think).

Through the medium of one of the waiters, I at once made myself known to him, and, after the entertainment was ended for the night, we met, and for a few days we nearly killed ourselves trying to have "a good time" together.

My first visit to Chicago was of short duration. About the last week in May of this year, occurred the invasion of Canada and the attack upon Fort Erie, or Ridgeway, by an armed body of Fenians, under the command of Gen. O'Neil. When the news of the battle reached Chicago, it created a wonderful amount of excitement and enthusiasm among the Irish-American portion of the population. Meetings were held, stirring and inflammatory resolutions were passed, and money was sub-

scribed freely to help the Fenian cause.

In the midst of it all, a company of men from St. Louis, Mo., and Peoria, Ill., commanded by Capt. Moran and Lieut. Dunne, came to Chicago, and their ranks were at once swelled by volunteers from that city. Believing that the result would be a general upheaval of the established condition of things, and seeing therein great possibilities for money-getting in my nefarious line, I determined that I would play a part in the coming invasion; so, when the train loaded down with patriots, pulled out from the Chicago depot, I went with them.

For some reason we were side-tracked for a short time at Ashtabula, and afterwards at Cleveland, O., where we spent one night. Here, because of my "Cockney" or London accent, I was denounced as an English spy by a zealous old patriot, and for a short period things looked very squally for me, but my cunning and audacity pulled me through, after I had been rather roughly handled by some of my new chums.

On our arrival in Buffalo, N. Y., we found that the government had put its foot down against the whole movement. We were billeted in Carr's Old Melodeon, a disused variety theater, on Washington street, and the sympathetic citizens supplied us with food. Finding that the great opportunities for getting money that I had dreamed of were not likely to materialize, I very soon tired of the role I had been playing,

and went back to my old scenes and companions to resume my own familiar parts.

During the ensuing two years I visited a great part of the country. Traveling from the head of Lake Superior as far south as Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga. Never at rest, never knowing one moment's real peace, such as I now enjoy by God's grace. At times I had money in abundance and was able to live riotously and extravagantly; then, in a few days, I would be broke, taking desperate chances which usually ended by my being hunted, like a rat, from place to place.

The great Democratic convention held in New York City in the summer of 1868, presented so many possible chances for "easy work," that it drew the crooked fraternity from all parts, to that city. I left Savannah in the early summer, and for a time New York seemed very profitable and pleasant to me, but the inevitable end came sooner than I expected. On the 14th day of December of that year I stood in the dock before Recorder Hackett; a just judge, but one who had already become noted for his extreme severity to the lawless element. Something must have softened his heart that day, for I was agreeably surprised when, after a few sharply-uttered words of warning, as to future consequences, he sentenced me to two and a half years imprisonment at hard labor, and a few days later I entered the doors of the celebrated prison on the

Hudson; my eyes almost involuntarily noting the scriptural sentence deeply graven over the portal, to the truth of which my heart and my past experience assented. Truly "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Hard! yes, indeed, it is hard; uneven, barren and sterile of all enjoyment worth having, even when, for a time, success seems to crown it. But when the pendulum swings the opposite way; then it becomes a veritable path of hell to a large majority even of those who are usually considered the most case-hardened and impervious to emotion. My many years of bitter personal experience on this line should entitle me to speak with some degree of certainty in the matter; and I positively assert that the greatest daredevil and the most reckless incorrigible, justly confined today behind the barred door of a prison, spends many a bad quarter-hour in the lonely vigil of night, with regret and remorse moving every fiber of his being, while the walls of his narrow cell, in fancy, each moment draw nearer to each other, and the very air he breathes grows oppressive and stifling. Even the light step of the felt-shod guard, as he passes on his nightly round, is a welcome relief at such a moment. The guard glances in and passes quietly on his way, and the inmate of the cell is left alone—with memory.

Sing Sing, thirty years ago, was far



different from the prison today. In November, John T. Hoffman was elected governor, and that naturally entailed a complete change in the management of the prison. I arrived just in time to witness the wholesale change.

The state of affairs during that winter was utterly disgraceful. For several weeks I, with a large number of other new comers, was shut up in solitary confinement because of lack of clothing to cover us sufficiently to enable us to work on the different contracts in the shops. Yet, in spite of the fact that some of us were without vests, and others had no coats, we were marched down to the river side morning and evening to empty our cell buckets. The Hudson river, at the point where the prison is situated, is some two miles in width, I should judge, consequently the wintry wind struck our ill-clad forms with an awful force, sometimes sending the contents of our buckets back over us in a blinding spray, chilling one's very marrow. The life I had been leading previous to my arrest, supplemented by the close confinement of my cell in the Tombs prison and here at Sing Sing, had utterly unfitted me to withstand such exposure; so it came about that by the first of March I was in the hospital suffering from a serious attack of inflammation of the lungs, and the doctor kindly notified me that if I had any relatives or friends that I wished to see, or if I desired the

offices of a priest, I would better attend to the matter at once, as my race was surely run. But God, in His infinite mercy, spared me and gave me another opportunity to recognize and appreciate His wonderful grace and love.

Two men were instrumental, I believe, in bringing me back from the very jaws of death. One was young Ketcham, the Wall street banker's son, whose trial, conviction and sentence was the sensation of the day when it occurred. The other was a German by the name of Mueller, sentenced for life, I think.

Ketcham wore a well-fitting striped suit and probably slept within the confines of the prison, but in every other respect, he appeared to have all the liberty that was possible. He was well supplied with money, and took evident delight in spending some of it to alleviate the sufferings of less fortunate fellow-prisoners, who were inmates of the hospital. He supplied me with fruit and table delicacies that tempted my appetite and quenched my thirst in the hour of my greatest need, and I shall ever have respect for his large-hearted goodness.

Mueller was a hospital nurse—a drudge—but his attentive care for me and others, and the beautiful consistency of his daily life, in the midst of such a profane, reckless crew as we were, inspired me and many another hardened professional rogue with a feeling of veneration for him

and a vague longing for the faith he professed. He gave me a copy of a book he had written, and some of the sentences I read therein made such an impression on me that I carried the memory of them through all my after life.

When the day came that I was pronounced cured, I was placed in the saddle-shop gang to act as waiter for the keeper and convicts in his charge, who were working on contract for Tompkins & Hayden. For the men employed by the different contractors in the various shops of the prison, the authorities received a certain specified amount per diem, and in addition to supplying the convicts with food and clothing, the state also furnished each shop with a waiter free of cost to the contractor. This was the position I was called upon to fill. I was to act as messenger for the keeper, sweep the shop, clean the windows, carry washing water to the men at their benches, and be everybody's dog in general. A position coveted by many of the men, but utterly abhorred by me.

The keeper was a new man from New York, named Rountree, appointed because of his efficient work in the recent campaign. (In those days there was no such thing known as registration, and John I. Davenport was an unknown quantity). He, Rountree, was one of the boys, and I soon ingratiated myself in his favor. I recovered my strength very rapidly, and began to lay plans to make my prison life as tol-

erable as possible under the circumstances.

In marching to and from the cell-house, the mess room or the workshops, of course the lock step was used—that is, each man placed his right hand upon the right shoulder of the man in front, the left hand, when not in use carrying the cell-bucket or the food supplied for supper, was to be held extended down the side, each man's face being turned obliquely toward the keeper or guard in charge. In marching, they used a full stride or step, except when entering any building or when moving past the mess-room windows to pick up the evening meal; then a short, indescribable shuffling step was the correct thing. It was also the rule at that time, that the tallest man should lead each gang.

Louis Rigel, a German lad of about 18 years of age, was, by far, the tallest in the saddle shop, but, for some reason, probably because of his awkwardness, he took second place, and the gang was led by a burly representative of the city of Brooklyn, named Williams. I think he was serving his second term. He was quite proficient at saddle making, and was a sort of self-constituted boss or bully of the shop. Of course, things have changed for the better in the management of prisons since the days of which I write—nearly thirty years ago—and many things occurred daily then that would be impossible under the present improved system. By personal ex-



perience I am well aware of this fact; but that does not militate against the truth of my story, which is true as my memory records it.

One Saturday afternoon, probably two months after my discharge from the hospital, I had brought up some hot water, obtained with great difficulty from the engine room, and was distributing it among a favored few of the men, to be used for washing handkerchiefs, and even socks, for the morrow. I had emptied one bucket, and on looking for its mate I found that Williams had coolly appropriated it and was washing his feet in the bucket. (The men were all employed on task work, and it was the custom to spend the greater part of each Saturday afternoon in a general cleaning up).

During the whole of my life I was cursed with an uncontrollable, passionate temper which hurried me, time and again to my sorrow, into deeds on the spur of the moment's frenzy that were totally unwarranted by my size and physical make-up. Without a moment's hesitation, I pushed Williams over off the stool and walked over to the sink and emptied out the water. Mr. Rountree was away at the time, and a relief keeper sat in apparent unconcern, at the desk, reading a newspaper.

As I came back from the sink, Williams, with one foot still bare, came towards me growling under his breath. I walked

around the opposite bench, and as calmly as I possibly could I told him if he wanted anything out of me, to follow me into the "cutting-out-room." To this he readily agreed, and I walked on down to the end of the long shop and entered the room mentioned. In a few minutes he, holding up a saddle as an excuse, signalled the keeper for permission, and then came eagerly hunting me.

When I entered the room there were two men in it, both close friends of mine. One, Charley Brown, was a quiet, studious Englishman, a square man sent up, I thoroughly believe, by mistake for alleged participation in the New York riots. The other, Billy Bartlett, was a "Coniacker," or counterfeiter to the manor born. He was serving a twelve-year sentence.

The room was littered up with sewing horses and other paraphernalia of the workshop, and as soon as I entered I almost shouted out: "Come and help me clean up this mess—I'm goin' to have a scrap."

"Who with?" asked Billy, dropping his peculiar-shaped leather cutter's knife on the bench, as he turned in vigorously to helping me make more room.

"Williams," was my reply, and it evoked a half-suppressed whistle from Bartlett.

In the midst of our cleaning up, the door was pushed open, and the man from Brooklyn came blustering in. I can describe his entry in no other words.

I stepped back near Bartlett's table, holding up my hand, and said: "Hold on a minute."

"Hold on, nothin," said he, "what d'yer want now?"

"How d'yer want ter fight?" I asked.

"Anyhow," was the answer, as he came charging bull-headed at me.



## CHAPTER XIV.

SING SING THIRTY YEARS AGO.



HE difference in our size and weight was so great, that Williams was utterly careless in his attack, believing that he would have me used up in one short round. I expected

to be whipped. I had gotten myself into a nasty hole, as usual, by my ungovernable temper, and my only course was to inflict all the damage possible on the other fellow and take my punishment the best way I could. If I had had more room, the outcome might have been less satisfactory to me; as it was, he had me right at the outset hemmed in so that I was compelled to meet his mad rush half-way, in order to save myself.

It was a disgusting, brutal fight from start to finish. My desperation nerved me with extra strength, so that my first blow seemed to stun him, and for a time I kept him at arm's length, using the skill acquired in many a hard battle in London. At length, he got his arm securely around my neck, and holding me close to his body with a muttered "now, I've got yer," he began to drag me across the room, in spite



of my blows and strenuous efforts to free myself. Suddenly, he loosened one arm from my head, thereby uncovering my eyes, and I was horrified to see that his arm was stretched out to its fullest capacity, with his fingers just touching the knife Bartlett had left on the table. Fear lent me strength, as I braced my feet against the bench and threw him against a stitching horse. There was a saddler's hammer lying handy, and I struck him with that, and, in all probability would have struck him again and again with it, but one of the men tore it from my hand.

It has taken longer to write this account than the actual affair occupied. Afterward, we washed up. I went out and secured some more water, and we bandaged up his wounded head, and I was able, through my position as waiter, to supply him with clothing to replace some of his which was torn in the conflict. This ended my trouble with Williams. From that day, until my discharge, we never again had one word of disagreement.

Of course, it was soon known, even to Keeper Rountree, that Williams and I had fought. Mr. Hull, the foreman of the shop, devoted a great deal of his time the following Monday, to extolling me to my face for my great victory, as he termed it. He was a very little man, fond of boasting of his descent from Admiral Hull, of the war of 1812. I rather think Williams had bullied the little man.

The contract of Tomkins & Hayden, at that period, consisted of a foundry, machine shop, forge room, grinding and buffing rooms, turning, plating and japanning rooms and the saddle shop. Over each of these departments there was a citizen foreman and one general foreman over all, whose name I have forgotten. The men in each shop worked on task work—so much perfect work being counted as a day's work, and allowance made for all overwork at the rate paid to the state by the contractors. This price varied in the different shops, the average price being about 60 cents per day, I think.

A short time after the Williams' affair, the general foreman asked me if I would like to work for the contractors. He said they needed a man who would be just and fearless, who would do the square thing by the men and by the firm, and he was good enough to say that he thought I was the man for the place. It would be part of my duty to weigh, examine or count the work of the men in the different departments, after it had been sorted, and then, after deducting the amount of the daily task and the spoiled work, I would give to each man credit on the shop's black-board for the amount of overwork due him.

Not a very enticing job, since it would probably entail a certain amount of enmity from some of the men, if the square thing was done to all parties. But the

offer of \$10 a month and certain perquisites, that I well knew the value of, which were attached to the position, turned the scale, and I became a workman for the contractors, instead of the state.

I found my daily life in the prison materially changed for the better by my acceptance of the new position. Of course, there were some things about it that were annoying; some of the convicts would ask and expect that I would favor them in the weight or count of their daily task, and when I failed to meet their expectations, they were very ready with threats and abuse; but I had discounted all such disagreeable incidents by fully anticipating their occurrence. I knew what to expect, before I made the change, and found things much easier to bear than I had hoped for.

Samuel E. Tompkins, of Newark, N. J., was the active member of the firm of contractors for whom I worked, and his nephew, Edward Tompkins, was foreman of the forge room and japanning rooms. He was a man of great mechanical ability. For some reason he took to me, and, by a great number of little kindly acts, such as men in his position can so easily perform when they so desire, he helped to make my term in Sing Sing less burdensome than it otherwise would have been.

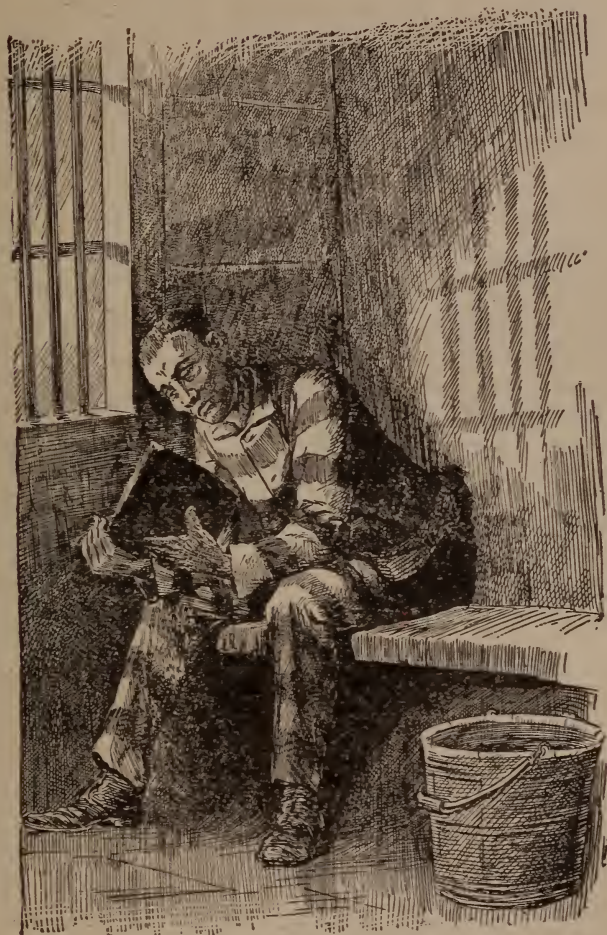
There were several privileges pertaining to my new position. I could visit, without question, not only the shops of our own

contract, but those of others. At noon I was not compelled to march to the mess room and eat with the general body of prisoners, but, in company with some dozen or more who held similar positions on other contracts, I ate after the others had returned to work. As a rule I found that nearly all who held these desirable jobs and enjoyed their benefits, were men who were professional "crooks" or law breakers. The only exception, I believe, were men whose friends furnished them with money sufficient to buy them immunity from the regular work, galling routine and discipline of the prison. For the poor fellow, incarcerated, probably, for his first offense, who had not experience or cunning to guide him in his daily task, nor "stuff" to grease the itching palms of those who had control of his life for the time being, there was very little to lighten the gloom of his sentence, but a multitude of evils to bring despair to his heart. Many a time I have pitied some awkward fellow when I have seen him suffer punishment for some slight infraction of the rules, such as I and others of my ilk perpetrated daily with impunity. Whatever of comfort there was in the prison at that day, your professional held a monopoly of it. To the great mass of prisoners the place was a veritable hell. Yet they were wont to declare that the mines at Clinton—the northern penitentiary—were a hundred-fold worse,



My allowance of \$10 a month from the contractors, enabled me to keep myself well supplied with tobacco, coffee and many other luxuries of prison life. The discipline of the place was so lax that I found no difficulty in boiling coffee for my dinner, daily, or in indulging in an after-dinner smoke—something very much coveted by men in confinement. It also procured me a lamp and oil for my cell at night. Many an hour, that otherwise would have been very cheerless, was brightened by that same lamp. Those who were not able to obtain one, would stand glued to the cell door at night until the bed bell rang, striving to read by the dim light reflected from the distant wall, holding the book sideways, while its pages were marked checker board fashion in black and white squares by the sombre shadow of the cross-barred door.

On Sunday mornings we marched from the cell house to the mess room, and after breakfast we went to the chapel—just overhead—where we were given an opportunity to hear some really excellent singing and a sermon from the chaplain or some visitor. During my term many notable men made addresses to the prisoners. I listened and criticised. When they spoke of God's wrath against sinners—as they very frequently did—and the punishment that would surely overtake all who continued their evil ways, I readily agreed, mentally, to the justice of such doctrines,



"STRIVING TO READ BY THE DIM LIGHT."

as I knew, full well, that my life deserved and entailed future punishment for me, if there was a life beyond the grave. I fully believed that if there was a hell I was a fit subject for it.

Sometimes they would talk of the wonderful compassion and love of God, our Father, for man. This I could never comprehend. With a very few exceptions, all the men I had ever known were very far, indeed, from being lovable. However, I supposed, if their assertions were true, the mankind that God loved was such as lived clean and square; attended church and obeyed His laws. I could not realize that He could care for such as I. Today it is as much a mystery to me as it was in that dead and gone time. The magnitude of such glorious grace and love is far beyond my comprehension; but, one thing I know, I, who write this, have experienced in myself the sublime fact that His tender love takes in the whole world of sinners.

One Sunday morning as we passed a gang at the mess room door after chapel service, I heard a subdued signal cough, and, glancing up, I saw my old friend, Kennedy, doing the shuffle-step in an easy, natural manner as he passed the open trap in the window to pick up his pan of rations for the rest of the day. With a look I asked how long a term he had, and I remember I felt gratified when he signaled back "five years."

He had already served more than half

his term, and it was rather strange we had not recognized each other sooner. I found him at work in the carpenter's shop a few days after this, and while ostensibly engaged in gathering up some sawdust for use in our tumbling barrels, I had quite a lengthy talk with him. He looked sickly and weak, and complained of ill health. I remember he served his term and was discharged shortly before my term expired, but I never met with him afterward.

The punishments meted out for any infraction of the rules were simply awful. The "shower bath" was in daily use. Men were suspended by their thumbs, sometimes for very slight causes other than the personal spite of some guard or keeper. It was a common thing to see men wearing the hideous, uncomfortable iron cage that was in vogue at that time. This was supposed to be worn day and night until the wrath of the authorities was appeased, but the average prisoner found it a simple matter to unlock the neck-band, when alone in his cell, and thus secure a comfortable night's sleep.

The prison at Sing Sing is built on the side of a hill sloping down to the Hudson. At the time whereof I write, it had no encircling wall as most other penal institutions have. The river itself formed an almost impassable boundary on the west side. On the east stood the warden's house and cell houses, with the railroad running outside close under its walls



through a cutting. On the north stood a row of buildings comprising the workshops of Tompkins & Hayden, while the west end was occupied by a row of lime kilns—the cooper shops and other contracts. These, together, formed a large quadrangle within which were the hospital, the mess room, the shoe shops and various other contracts. High up on the hillside, east of the railroad tracks, were the quarries, and beyond them a double line of guards and guard houses.

The extremely lax discipline then maintained, coupled with the brutality of the system of punishments, produced, as a natural result, numberless attempts at escape, which, in nearly every instance, proved abortive and futile, often to only end in bloodshed and death.

On one occasion, during a sudden, violent rain storm, a few desperate convicts broke from a gang working in the quarry, rushed down the hill-slope to the bridge crossing the railroad tracks in front of the warden's house and, in spite of the ready Winchesters of the guards, some five or six managed to drop from the bridge on to a passing coal train, and, climbing on the engine, they cut loose and dashed recklessly down the road to freedom. Most of them were recaptured in a very short time, and all of them, eventually.

Shortly before my sentence began, a batch of prisoners at work in the auger shops

conspired to make a break for liberty. Their plans were apparently well laid, and at the designated moment they overpowered the keeper and ran for the north fence. The auger shop was at the extreme north end of the prison, under the saddle shop, and they had but a short distance to run to get outside the prison grounds. But all their plans and their every move had been carried to headquarters, so they were met by a shower of lead that laid some of them low and drove the others back crestfallen to meet heavy punishment for their futile attempt.

On an average, about once a week, some fellow would slip away from his shop a few moments before quitting time, and stow himself away in some previously-selected spot; being provided with a small stock of food and usually assisted by some fellow prisoner. But they very seldom managed to elude the vigilance of the officers. They were usually discovered and dragged out of their nests before many days were passed. Then, after running the gauntlet and being kicked and thumped by the guards and keepers—justly angry because of loss of sleep—the wretched prisoner would be thrown into a dark cell and before he was allowed to return to his work bench on the contract, he would be given such a dose as would deter him, one would suppose, from any repetition of his act.

When the men were marched into the

cell house at night, they went to their respective cells, each gang on a separate tier, and entering, held the cell door nearly closed. On a signal from the keeper the doors were shut, each prisoner standing close to the door to be counted by the guard as he turned the key. To prevent the substitution of a dummy, we were compelled to thrust our fingers well out through the bars. Many cells had two occupants. When the cell mates proved congenial, which was very rarely the case, the hours of confinement were lightened by the companionship; when the reverse was the case, the time spent in the cell was something to be dreaded during the working hours of each day.

At the conclusion of his count, each keeper reported to the principal the number of prisoners on his tier, and if the total was correct, the bell was rung, calling the guards from their posts for the night. If there were any missing, a close investigation soon revealed the vacant cell and then the search began; the guards and keepers being compelled to perform extra duty until the culprit was discovered or the search abandoned.

CHAPTER XV.  
INCIDENTS OF PRISON LIFE.



DO not wish to take up too much space in describing, in detail, my daily life and the many incidents of unusual character that occurred during my sojourn at the "Mansion on the Hudson," but there

were two that were especially noteworthy, and that caused quite a commotion among the prisoners.

A large amount, possibly all of the product of the stone quarries, was converted into lime in the lime kilns, which were situated at the extreme south end of the prison. There was a convenient dock for vessels, and during the season quite a number, at different times, were loaded there.

One very bright, sunshiny day, I was working, as usual, in the shop, when we were all startled by the sound of shooting. I slipped out to the front door, and as I passed through the outer room, above the noise of the polishing barrels, I could hear the crack, crack of rifles that grew into a perfect fusilade by the time I peeped cautiously out through the entrance. I saw at once the cause of the uproar, and

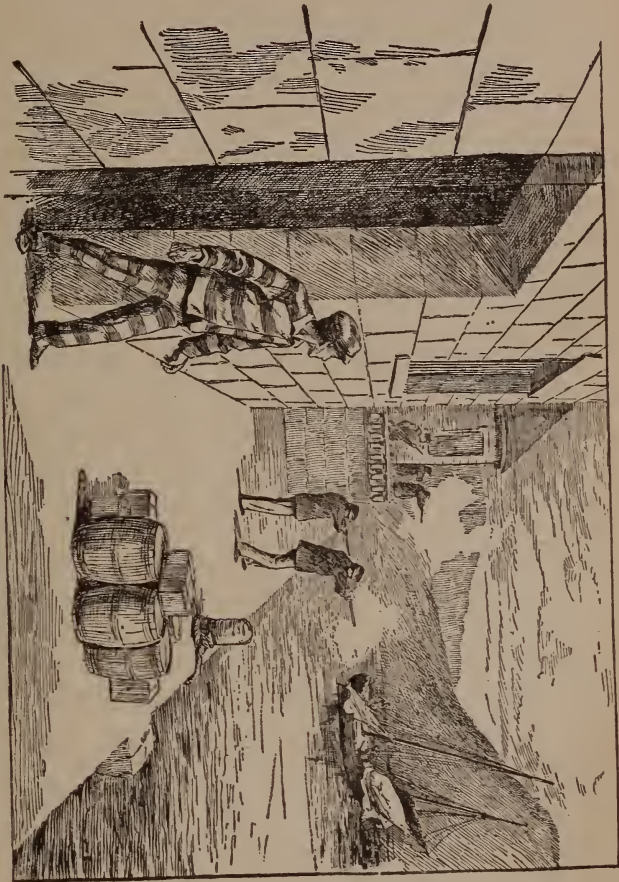


recognized that I would be in no imminent danger, even on the outside, so out I went and planted myself at the west end of the shoe shop, in order that I might have a good view of the one-sided battle then in progress.

My first look showed me a small vessel—a schooner, I think—bearing up the river, headed a little west of north. She was, probably, two hundred yards out into the stream, and about midway between the guard-house, on the west front, and the lime kiln docks. I could plainly see some men, in prison garb, on her deck, in the act of setting the main-sail.

The work was being done in a very bungling manner; caused, I supposed, partly by ignorance, and partly by the excitement incidental to the occasion. The sail would be raised, each pull, quite a number of feet; eliciting hearty cheers from the convicts, who were looking on from the shoe-shop windows; but the men aboard apparently had not the power, or else knew not how to hold what they had gained, and the sheet would fall back some half-way or more each time, which brought forth a torrent of dissatisfied remarks and eager suggestions from the excited and sympathetic onlookers. But praise or blame was alike to the crew of the boat; they were too far out and too busy to hear or heed anything but the crack of the Winchesters, and the spiteful hum of the bullets.

"THE SAIL CAME DOWN ON THE RUN."



Presently, one of the men pulling away at the rope, threw up his hands and fell writhing on the deck. The sail came down on the run, and one after another the men on deck dived down into the hold.

Not all of them. One man had been standing at the wheel, holding the boat steadily so that they might have the advantage of the light wind that was blowing. When the rest of the men forsook the deck, he swiftly fastened the wheel in some manner, and ran forward to the hatchway where he stood evidently beseeching his comrades to come on deck and help set the sail. But he pleaded in vain. Then he made several abortive attempts to raise the sail, unaided; and I remember how I felt myself setting my teeth and exerting my muscles through admiration of his pluck and the intense desire that possessed me to help him in his hopeless task. Again and yet again he went to the hatchway and tried to coax or frighten the men below into a renewal of their effort; but he only wasted his breath.

All this time the guards on the hillside, east of the prison, were blazing away whenever the opportunity served. The guard house on the dock sent forth a constant fire, but he was seemingly heedless of it all. Once, when a bullet tore a splinter from the mast, close by his head, he turned and derisively placed the thumb of his one hand to his nose, at the same time waving the fingers in a contemptuous

manner, as if in ridicule of such poor shooting.

It was soon over. A swift little yacht came lightly flying down from the bay just north of the prison; on her decks were some of the keepers who had taken possession of her. She speedily ranged alongside of the schooner, and without any opposition, the would-be runaways were captured.

By this time the schooner had worked along abreast of the central guard house; yet so close inshore that we could see all that occurred on her deck. Looking on from my safe position, I saw the keepers as they climbed over the side of the captured boat, and I also saw one of the keepers run forward toward the man on the deck, as he stood alone, with folded arms, awaiting their action; and my heart was filled with disgust and hatred as I saw him sent reeling to the floor, bathed in blood, from a blow with a billy or revolver butt, in the hands of a coward.

I passed through my term at Sing Sing without incurring punishment of any kind. The keepers and other officials of the prison were uniformly kind to me. More than twenty-five years have passed since the day of which I write, and if there was, at any time, any bitterness in my heart toward any of those who held us in their custody, thank God it was all effaced when I found pardon and peace in His love. With malice toward none in



my heart as I write, I am still constrained to call that blow a coward's stroke.

Before going to our cells that night, I learned the full particulars of the seizure of the boat. The convicts engaged in loading her with lime at the kiln dock, at a pre-concerted moment, turned on their guard, disarmed and bound him and then, after driving ashore the only sailor in charge, they cast off the lines and started recklessly on their fruitless attempt to win freedom.

This incident furnished a welcome topic for discussion among the prisoners for quite a number of days. The vast majority, as a matter of course, felt that they could and would have done much better had the opportunity but been theirs. All such attempts, even when failures, caused the men to turn restlessly from side to side on their pallets at night, busily planning and striving to concoct some scheme whereby freedom might be won. To what end? In most cases in order that a few days or weeks of the old life, with its baneful pleasures, might be once more theirs, ending, as usual, in a term of imprisonment.

Looking back over the years, it seems to me that very few days elapsed before the "Mansion" was once more thrown into an uproar by an episode that startled and shocked the community in the town of Sing Sing, and caused renewed excitement in the prison.

There is, or was, a covered passage-way extending from the cell house to the mess room. By this route the convict cooks and bakers were taken to their work each morning, some hours before the rest of the prisoners arose, in order that breakfast might be ready at the usual time. They were in charge of a regular keeper, and the men were, as a rule, of the class known as "trusties"—good conduct men.

About daylight, one morning, the huge alarm bell on the prison roof, sent out a peal from its brazen throat, that awakened every convict, and, in an instant, probably one-half of them were screaming and shouting at the utmost limit of their lungs, to the noisy accompaniment made by rattling bucket-lids on the crossed bars of the cell doors. In the stillness of the night the bell could be heard for miles, and the people living in the neighborhood knew that its clangor meant mutiny or serious disturbance at the penitentiary. It also meant a possible chance to earn some money, as the authorities offered a liberal reward for the return of any escaped convicts.

We were later than usual, when we marched into the mess room for breakfast that morning, yet, even as we shuffled along in locked step, the news flew from mouth to mouth that the "night men" had overpowered their guard, had killed him and had escaped. The keepers found it an impossible task to still the whispering,

busy tongues of the men that morning.

During the course of the day the prison was thronged with visitors. They walked from shop to shop, talking noisily of what should be done, and of the awful consequences that would result to the prisoners in case any further disturbance should be attempted. The men well understood the motive of this talk, and conveyed their opinion of it to each by a covert glance or contemptuous look. Their only concern was to learn whether any, or all, of the men had been re-captured.

Later information showed that the men had overpowered their guard—had bound and gagged him, and had placed him on a shelf or dresser, from which place he had rolled, falling heavily on the stone floor, where he was found dead some hours later, by the watchman who discovered the escape. After securing the guard, they went upstairs to the "chapel," and forced their way into the state clothing room, in the northeast corner of the building, where they found citizen's clothing ready for their use. Be sure they were not long in changing their suits, and then, forcing a window, they slipped down to the ground and scattered each for his own place of shelter and safety. The first rays of light showed the pendant rope or sheeting to a vigilant night-watchman, going his rounds from shop to shop, and he quickly gave the alarm that woke the silent prison, and started eager pursuers on their

track. I believe they were all recaptured within a few days. They were tried at White Plains, but escaped the death penalty because it was proved that heart disease was the actual cause of the keeper's death. Awful stories floated about through the shops, detailing the horrible punishments that were inflicted on these men after their return, but I had reason to believe that most of these tales were manufactured in the fertile imaginations of the convicts and had no foundation in actual fact. I think the re-captured men were drafted in the next batch to Clinton, to work in the much-dreaded mines.

On the fourteenth day of March, 1871—having served two years and three months of my sentence, and being credited with a commutation of three months for good conduct—I was discharged, and found myself once more with the world before me and liberty to make my own choice as to my future course in life.

Night found me seated in the midst of a select circle of boon companions, in a notorious saloon kept by the Knapp Bros. in a basement at the corner of Hester street and the Bowery, New York. I deliberately picked up and resumed the threads of the old life; was welcomed by the gang and went recklessly along in the old, criminal path; living the life of a veritable Ishmael—constantly at war with society and its laws, and in due time suffering the inevitable consequences.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### BACK TO THE BOWERY.



HE term at Sing Sing had enlarged my circle of acquaintances, and I found myself very much at home with the gang that welcomed me on my return to the city. I was almost unknown to the police and, in spite of my recent term of imprisonment and the life of dissipation that I led while at liberty, I still retained a certain ruddy freshness of complexion that imparted an air of boyish innocence to my appearance which I found very useful on many a trying occasion when, for certain reasons, suspicion was directed toward me. This fact was thoroughly appreciated by the older heads into whose companionship I now found myself cordially welcomed. One old timer, whose professional judgment and opinion was uniformly considered worthy of respect by the gang, remarked that I was possessed of "the squarest looking mug he'd ever seen in all his travels." I was also cursed with a large amount of reckless daring and indifference to consequences that led me into many difficulties in my after life, but was esteemed a valuable recommendation by my associates of the Bowery.

For the next few months I lived a life of constant warfare against society. Summed up in a few words, it might be said that my days and nights were spent in a series of more or less successful robberies. At first I had for a partner a smooth, skillful Londoner, a man of many aliases, best known as "English Jimmy." On a certain occasion we needed help, so a clever New Yorker—Joe McCarty, by name—was induced to join us and, finding the association mutually congenial and profitable, we continued to work together, until our partnership was dissolved by the hand of the law.

As I look back on this period of my life and as incident after incident is brought vividly before me by memory, one fact stands out very clearly, and I marvel at the dense stupidity that it evinces on my part. I have already recorded the fact that nearly all my life had been spent in the company of men and women who subsisted by preying on others. I had been taught by precept, bitter experience and hard knocks, to look out for myself, no matter at what cost to my fellows. Yet, in spite of all this, there were other rogues, more crafty than I, who managed to share in all my ill-gotten gains without taking any of the risks or sharing any of the perils that were attached to the life I was leading.

We made our headquarters at Knapp's place, but we also frequented many other

notorious dives and saloons in the lower wards of the city. One place on Broadway, kept by an alderman, was a favorite resort with us, because of the peculiar character of many of its patrons. It had recently been brought into public notice through the killing of a well-known Philadelphia bully by the keeper of an adjoining dive. It was our custom, whenever we were more than ordinarily successful, to visit this splendidly-decorated den of infamy and lavishly squander our money on a tribe of harpies—composed of variety actors, pugilists, pot-house politicians, ex-barkeepers and gamblers' touts—who would applaud our songs and stories; laugh at our jokes, and do, say or think anything that would prove agreeable to our foolish vanity, as long as our money covered all the expense of the entertainment. I know they must have had many a hearty laugh at our expense when our backs were turned, and I am sure that I, at least, in addition to all my other follies and crimes, was such an egotistical fool at this period that I deserved all their ridicule, and more too.

As an instance, one afternoon I and English Jimmy, in company with Boston Collins—whose acquaintance I had lately renewed—had spent some hours visiting various saloons in the Eighth Ward, and finally brought up at Prof. Clark's place on Houston street. When we entered the saloon, we had quite a little following of

the usual class; excellent, appreciative company as long as free liquor was flowing. There were several men in the place, chatting and drinking, and in a short time we were all busily engaged discussing a recent international boat-race. This was before the days of Hanlon, and some one among the crew of drinkers wondered why the English were able to defeat the representative American oarsmen. "Oh, that question is easily answered," said bumptious I, "it's all owing to the superiority of the English method of training."

"Ah!" remarked a tall, wiry fellow; "I s'pose you're pretty well posted on that line?"

Here was my opportunity. I opened up, and drawing to my aid all I could remember that I had ever heard in this connection, adding to it a large assortment of ideas furnished by a fertile imagination, I described a truly wonderful method of physical training, each moment going deeper and deeper into details as I noted the eager look of attention on the face of the man who had questioned me, and the smiles of approval and admiration from the little circle that surrounded me. In the midst of it all, just when I had really begun to almost believe myself a past master in the art of fitting a man for a physical contest, Jimmy pushed his way to my side, with a short word of apology to my audience, and gave me to understand that important business demanded our



presence elsewhere. Ordering another round of drinks, I left the place, several of the men expressing their disappointment that I had not time to finish my talk.

I walked after Jimmy and Collins considerably elated at my late success, but was completely set back when my partner turned on me and gave me a terrific tongue lashing and a few words of explanation that sobered me and left me crestfallen and ashamed.

"When I saw and heard what you were doin', I done my best to giv yer the office," said Jimmy, when his indignation had somewhat cooled, "but, no, there was no gittin' yer to tumble to yerself. Them blokes 'ad yer so buttered up that yer wouldn't a tumbled if a brick 'ouse fell on yer. Oh, what a chump you are!" And I mentally agreed with the verdict.

The inquisitive gentleman who had been seemingly so eager to sit at my feet and learn of me, was none other than Jim Cusick, a man of world-wide repute as a trainer, and acknowledged as an authority on all that pertained to his profession. He had caught me by my foolish vanity, and had put me through all my paces, holding me up to be laughed at and derided by the gang who were drinking at my expense. And I deserved it all.

I have sat many a night at a card table with men who woud flatter me to the top of my bent; willing to stop the game at any moment to listen to, and uproariously

laugh at, some foolish remark of mine, without either point or sense, and then, with many a word of praise for my excellent wit, they would skillfully rob me by their crooked manipulation of the cards. And I tried to think that I was enjoying life. Oh, the utter sin and folly of it all!

There were other leeches. Some we were compelled to feed, in order to insure non-interference on their part. I am not writing this story for the purpose of exposing any person, or any set of officials—the vilest with whom I came in contact were no worse than myself, therefore, I have no stone to throw at any—but truth compels me to write that my experience with the guardians of the law and public peace in those by-gone days was not calculated to cause me to think very highly of their honesty whatever might be my opinion as to their ability as thief-takers.

I remember one instance where one of these same officers played a part in a transaction that was carefully planned and carried through with boldness and skill only to end in bitter disappointment both to him and to the other participants.

At that time, Broadway was very carefully patrolled. The officer's beat was confined to one side of the street only. He would walk a certain distance in one direction, examining each door on the route, then, retracing his steps, he would repeat the same process on his backward march. The officers on other beats

usually walked around so many blocks, naturally giving crooked people a better opportunity to accomplish their work without detection.

On the east side of Broadway, well down in the heart of the city, the main floor of one building was occupied by a firm engaged in the wholesale importation and sale of ribbons and laces. The firm did a very large business, and they had a custom which has, since that time, grown into almost general use. Their whole stock of goods encased in card-board boxes, was left, each night, in its usual place on display tables, the whole being merely covered with plain white sheeting, and the store brilliantly lighted, so that even chance passers-by were able to see the whole interior. The safe stood within plain view of the front door, and was painted white, so that any marks or attempted tampering with it, might be noticed by the police. Yet, in spite of all these precautions, the place was completely looted one night, and nothing but a seeming accident prevented the loss of a very large amount of valuable property by the owners.

Like many another job of its kind, this piece of work was proposed by a very respectable business man—respectable in the sense that he had the respect and confidence of his business associates—who kindly furnished a list of the goods especially desired, and stood ready to pay

for the same when delivered. When the men who undertook the job, examined the premises, they found that the conditions were such that an entrance was not at all difficult. Just a few doors south, an intersecting street ran eastward to the East River. Only a short distance from the corner of Broadway, on the north side of the street, a store was in course of reconstruction. A little investigation showed that the rear of this building and that of our Broadway importers were so close that the work of forcing an entrance was very much simplified. The policeman who walked this beat was approached and sounded, and proved to be more than willing to stand in with the projected scheme. Arrangements were then made with the proper parties, in order that a hack might be on hand to carry away and deliver the expected booty to the "fence" or receiver.

Everything moved along so smoothly, that when the appointed time came for the execution of the job, the men interested felt absolutely confident of success. But the best-laid plans are, very often, thwarted by unexpected trifles. The entry was easily effected through a window in the third story, which was reached from the top floor of the building undergoing repairs. An outlet into the hall was soon found, and the men—two in number—went speedily down into the common basement, the intervening doors offering very slight resistance to the well-made



"screws" or skeleton keys, or, as a last resource, the power of the jointed "jim-my." From the basement a short stairway led up to the main floor of the store, the doorway opening out in an angle or offset hidden from view of the passer-by on the street.

At 10 o'clock the two men walked across from a saloon opposite and, passing through the vacant building, began their task; in less than thirty minutes they stood at the open door at the head of the basement stairway, facing the safe in the rear, and waiting patiently for the "office" or signal tap on the front window from their partner on Broadway. The whole of the rear half of the store was within their line of vision as they waited. Table after table stood loaded with boxes under their light covering of sheeting, and the onlookers' faces lighted up with satisfaction as they thought of the rich haul they were about to make.

In a few minutes—that seemed very long to the waiting men—there came the expected tap, tap—then, after a breathless interval, the noise of the policeman, as he shook the outer gate and, reaching through, tested the security of the lock of the inner door. On he goes, satisfied, his heavy, measured footfall making echo pleasant to the attentive ears of the two marauders. A little longer they wait, until the tap-tap is repeated, notifying them that the coast is clear; then, in perfect

security, with a confidence born of the knowledge that in case of discovery the way of escape is safely open, they methodically strip each table and shelf in the rear half of the store, of all their load, except the front row of boxes on each table, which are left intact and the sheeting carefully draped and arranged to hide the deficit. The boxes are carried into the stairway and piled up, then, when the warning signal comes, the time of waiting is profitably occupied in removing the contents of each box and stowing the same in immense bags provided specially for the purpose.

All night they worked—diligently carrying out the plan as arranged beforehand. In order to utilize space, the card-board centers, upon which the ribbons were wound, were patiently removed, and the costly material with the closely-folded lace, was packed away in good order in those commodious bags. At last they were filled—six of them, and safely transported up stairs and over into the convenient empty store on the side street.

After another brief wait, one of the men started out to release the faithful outside man from his post on Broadway, and then to notify the hackman, waiting on a stand on an adjoining street, that the stuff was ready for removal. At the corner of Crosby street he met the silent partner in the affair—the big, expectant policeman—and re-assured him with a few words as he

passed on. In a short space of time he found the hackman, and getting on the box, or driver's seat beside him, they drove quietly down the street towards their goal, passing a precinct police station on their way. The driver proved to be a new man, very nervous and "leary," but yet apparently eager to make the extra money that was to be gained by the hazardous job.

It was nearly morning, but still dark, when they drove up to the loading place, and our acquaintance jumped down to give a hand in carrying out the plunder. Just then two men, talking rather loudly, came around the corner from Broadway, and stood chatting together. This was too much for the Jehu; he became alarmed and, whipping up his horse, he drove away, followed, in a moment, by the half-drunken couple who had frightened him.

It would be a very difficult matter, indeed, to depict the disgust and anger that filled the breasts of the men left waiting there. It would have fared very ill with the driver could they have laid hands on him during the next few minutes. After a short consultation another start was made to hunt up the driver and, if possible, bring him back, or, at least, bring the rig.

The search was successful, and by threats, by promises and persuasion the driver was induced to once more make the attempt. He drove up and halted at the

right spot. One of the men, feeling that after all they were going to reap a reward for their night's work, shouldered a bag and started briskly across the plank that was the pathway from the store to the pavement of the street, but was completely set back on seeing the hack move swiftly away once more.

What was the matter? Nothing much; that is, nothing to hinder the carrying away of the load of bags if the driver had been an adept at the business, instead of a novice. A belated newspaper man—a reporter, I think—had wandered up the street and, full of curiosity, had stopped across the way to see what was going on. When the hack drove away, it revealed, to the onlooker, an utterly disgusted man standing disconsolate on the pavement with a six-foot bag, like an immense sausage, on his shoulder. The reporter needed no explanation; he thoroughly understood the situation, and without loss of time he started off rapidly towards the near-by police station.

Out from the shadow of a doorway steps the broken-hearted policeman, his mouth full of curses that are inadequate to express the bitter disappointment he feels.

"Git; git out of here," he cries, with an oath. "Break away! That bloke has gone to the station, and I'll have to head him off. What a murderin,, beastly shame."

The saloon across the way affords a con-



venient and safe refuge, and hardly has its cover been gained when the whole neighborhood is aroused by the noisy alarm of the vigilant policeman. He courageously follows an imaginary gang of crooks into the vacant building, chasing them into the rear yard, exchanging shots with them and compelling them to drop all their plunder. For all of which he is duly commended in the newspapers and by the captain of his precinct. And yet all their praise availed nothing against the bitterness and chagrin he felt at being robbed of what he always considered to be his legitimate share of that night's fiasco.

Although New York offered excellent inducements, at that time, to men of my peculiar vocation, yet I could not long rest contented there. I had rather pleasant memories of a former trip to the west. My face, also, was becoming familiar to certain persons whose business it was to enquire into the daily life of such as I, but whose acquaintance I had no desire to form. If they were honest and did their duty, the result would be, in all probability, another trip, on my part, to Sing Sing. If they were otherwise disposed—willing to wink at certain irregularities—such indulgence on their part meant the giving up of a considerable percentage of my income; and that was ever a sore subject with me.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WESTWARD ONCE MORE.



HE loss of my partner, English Jimmy, made me more than ever dissatisfied with the city. Certain friends of ours, who were what we styled "gopher-men"—that is, their specialty was forcing safes—had persuaded him to join them in a journey up the state, stopping at various small towns on the way. The venture proved disastrous; Jimmy was laid by the heels in a little country jail, and, in spite of earnest effort on the part of his friends to secure his release on bail, the authorities seemed determined to make an example of him.

Joe McCarty and I both worked hard and took desperate chances at this time to raise money to obtain, if possible, Jimmy's release. Looking back calmly and dispassionately on my conduct I have concluded that it was no genuine feeling of loyalty to my comrade that induced me to stick to him as I did for a time, but on the contrary, I was moved by the selfish feeling that Jimmy was necessary to me. He was clever, good-tempered and, what was of prime importance, he was the possessor of

a splendid physical courage that had carried us safely through many an emergency. These good qualities, however, did not hinder me from leaving him in the lurch, without compunction when I believed it to be to my interest to do so.

About this time our attention was directed to what promised to be an easy opportunity for securing a considerable sum of money and a right royal collection of "stones." Joe and I by turns examined the place and pronounced it "a gift." The only objection being that three others were to have a full share in the proceeds without aiding, in any manner, beyond "putting up the job." Finding that "no division" would mean "no work," we consented. For reasons that are obvious, the details must be omitted. The job was carried out and resulted in quite a rich haul. After a few days the parties interested met, and a division was made of the money. The diamonds, with the exception of a few small ones of little value which were taken by some for personal use, were set aside until a good market could be found for them.

In a little while it developed that one of the participants was dissatisfied with the outcome. This, joined to the fact that the police were making unusual efforts to discover and arrest the perpetrators of the robbery, caused me a great deal of uneasiness. I determined that I would slip quietly away from the city as soon as I

received my "bit" from the sale of the stones. Several "fences" were interviewed, but their offers were so disgracefully out of proportion to the real worth of the stones, that, although we were very eager to realize on them, we were compelled to forego the sale.

One night the man who had been doing the reported grumbling, came to our rooms and suggested that we call on a certain up-town pawn-broker, as he would be very likely to pay a fair price for our goods. He guaranteed the safety of the venture and claimed to have had profitable dealings with him in the past. Accordingly, I called on the broker the following morning, gave him a description of the property for sale and, at his request, agreed to bring them for his inspection that evening. Coming away from the interview with him, I noticed something that made me feel a little "leary" about the whole transaction. But I was so anxious to dispose of the stuff, that I quieted my fears by calling to mind the many other occasions when I had been fearful and suspicious without cause. After a consultation with Joe, the stones were counted out and turned over to me with the understanding that I should do the very best that was possible with them in the matter of price. We parted, with the expectation of meeting late that night at an appointed place. We have never met since that moment.



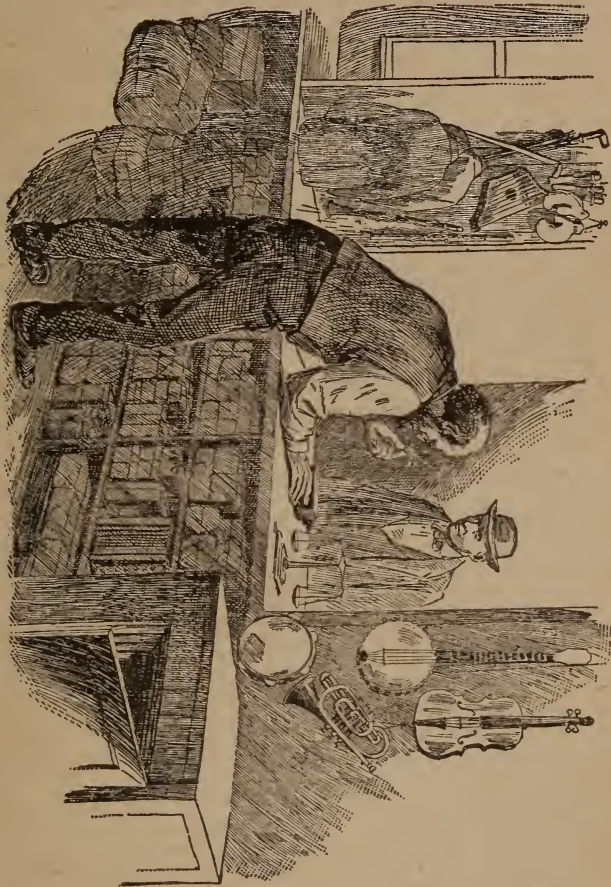
The pawn-broker received me very pleasantly when I called in the evening. After some refreshments, I produced the stones, and he gave them a close, critical examination, and weighed them and estimated their value. He set a rather low price on them, but it was better than any offer we had previously received, so I agreed to his terms, and drew a breath of relief to think the job was concluded at last. I was grievously disappointed, however, by his further action. No sooner did I accept his proposition than he began to depreciate the quality of the stones. Picking them over, he dilated on the probability of his getting into trouble over the bargain. Finally he very coolly announced that he was not prepared to pay cash for them that evening, and that it would be necessary for me to call again at some future time the next day, if convenient. If I so desired he would take care of the property in the interval.

"Well, after taking care of them so far, I rather think I'll take whatever risk there is, and hold the stones till I get the stuff for 'em," said I, determinedly, seeing the possibilities of a fight ahead.

But he quietly handed over the little wool-lined box. I counted over the gems, and finding the number correct, left the house, after a parting promise that I would, very likely, call on him the following day.

I walked away very dejected, absorbed

"HE GAVE THEM A CLOSE, CRITICAL EXAMINATION."



in the thought of what would be the final result. Before I had gone very far the training of my life asserted itself. I knew I was being followed. I turned into a near-by saloon, ordered a drink, and after drinking a small portion of the glassful I placed it on the bar and sauntered over to a cigar lighter near the door, and lit a cigar. Instead of returning to the bar, I slipped quickly out through the front door and passed a hook-nosed gentleman who was making a rapid but futile effort to efface himself. He was a stranger to me, but I knew that for the time being he was very much interested in my doings.

With the many multiplied methods of rapid transit that are open to the public today, the facilities for ridding one's self of a spy are manifold greater than they were at the time whereof I write. Yet I managed, by doubling like a hare, to drop my follower and make my way over to Jersey City, where I rested under cover until the following evening.

I went to Philadelphia and disposed of the troublesome booty, receiving a great deal less for the stones than I had expected or hoped for. My acquaintance with that city was very limited, and for many reasons I concluded to keep myself secluded from all recognition during the few days of my stay; otherwise I might have obtained better terms. As it was, I almost fell into a trap, or, at least, it seemed such to my expectant mind; but I



managed to receive the money and get out of the Quaker City without any further trouble. I went through to Baltimore, to Cincinnati, and as far south as Cairo, Ill., then up through the state to the busy city of Chicago; arriving there a few months before the great fire.

What a city it was in those days! Down in its very heart the multiplying business blocks were rapidly encroaching on what had always been considered the best residence property. Where, today, immense office buildings and stores stand towering skyward, there, then, stood the homes of wealth and fashion; and within a few minutes' leisurely walk of the vilest dens of Clark street, South Wells street and old Conley's Patch, were situated dwellings that presented rare inducements to men of my class and training.

I enjoyed my stay in the city. There were many places for the entertainment of the vicious, disreputable and law-defying element that congregates in all large cities. It is the custom—grown into a chronic complaint—to speak of the flagrant vice and shame of the young giant metropolis of the west; and it undoubtedly deserves all and, perhaps, more censure than has been bestowed upon it for the existence of certain evils that might easily be abated, were the existing laws but thoroughly and impartially executed. But to one who participated in, or who remembers, the rampant crime and wide-



open iniquity, the noisy yet dangerous dens in the form of "free-and-easy's" that abounded and flourished, 'shoulder to shoulder with the busiest and most respectable marts of trade, and the many other nameless evidences of evil that flaunted themselves shamelessly by day as well as by night, without any attempt at concealment, the condition of Chicago to-day, far short though it be from perfection, is a glorious and praiseworthy improvement on the old town that was so mercilessly swept out of sight by the fire of October, 1871.

I left Chicago in the early part of the week before the fire, and spent the winter in the south; a part of the time I was engaged in breaking rock on the stone pile for the city of Louisville, Ky. I visited various cities, but found no rest.

For a short period I tried to earn my living by honest, hard work. I found employment in a blast furnace at Frankfort, Mich., and for a few months rather enjoyed the novelty of going to bed at regular hours, and not having to dread the approach of every stranger. But the evil nature within me, and the habits I had so carefully cultivated, soon made the sober, steady, humdrum life I was leading very irksome to me, and I drifted, or rather, I eagerly went back to the old vicious life with its excitements, follies and heart-breaking penalties. Of course, I paid the penalty. I never, for one moment, ex-

pected otherwise. Whatever convictions or beliefs other men of my stripe may have held or entertained, I can truthfully aver that my experience had taught me to know, beyond all cavil or doubt, that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

On the 14th of October, 1874, I was sentenced to Joliet for the term of four years. There were three indictments for burglary against me; I was sentenced on one, and the other two were held over, that is: judgment was suspended for future execution in case of further violation of law on my part.

I was arrested in August, and laid in what was then termed the new jail, on the North Side, while waiting for trial. There were, as usual, quite a large number of desperate characters confined in the cells. Among others, Mike Jones, sentenced for ten years, for complicity in the "Star Line" robberies of freight trains that caused so great a sensation at that time, and his partners, with several more who had earned considerable notoriety by their misdeeds. Like myself, they were willing to take desperate chances to avoid spending years inside Joliet, so they were using all their cunning and ingenuity trying to devise some means of escape.

The result of all their planning was that one prisoner should manage to get out of his cell and lay out, with a blow, the night guard, secure his keys and liber-

ate a certain select few who were in the scheme, then make our way to the roof and so out to liberty. A fine plan, in theory, but almost suicidal in execution.

I had a partner with me, in my cell, with whom I had traveled for about two years. He was ready to take almost any step that offered a chance for freedom, so, when I was selected to be the one to "bell the cat," or, in other words, to overpower the night guard, he offered no objections, although he knew that if we were discovered, even in the attempt to get out of the cell, we would surely get the full penalty of the law on the three charges.

A splendid ratchet brace and set of bits were brought in, and passed to us, and for probably two weeks we worked on the back-plate of the lock, until there was a hole sufficiently large to allow the insertion of our fingers for the purpose of throwing back the bolt of the lock. Each day we plastered up the evidence of our work with moistened bread crumbs, carefully blackened, to deceive any but the closest scrutiny and, as I write, I can remember the peculiar, reckless feeling that possessed me as I saw the job daily nearing completion.

I did not relish the part assigned me. I am slight of build and, while I was rather noted for a disposition to fight on very slight provocation, still, in such encounters I always felt that there was, at least, an equal chance of my coming out ahead,

and failure only meant physical punishment. But this was an altogether different affair. We had gotten so far along, that I saw it was only a question of days when I would be able to slip out into the hall at any moment that I might choose. Then, if instead of surprising the guard, he should surprise me? I was not in dread of the violent death that probably would result, but I confess that I laid awake many an hour and shook with an ague of fear at the thought of the long, long, weary years of prison life that loomed dismally before me if I was unsuccessful. I had lost my nerve, and felt that I would fail, yet, with foolish bravado I determined to go through with it at any cost.

With all reverence I can truthfully say that I believe God, in His mercy, interposed to prevent the execution of our ill-advised, murderous plan. Unexpectedly, one day, I, in company with my cell-mate, Patrick O'Reilly, was rushed up-stairs to the court room. Our mouth-piece—or lawyer—advised a plea of guilty to one indictment, with the promise of suspension in the case of the other two. We hardly had time for consultation—in fact, we needed none. When the charge was read, we pleaded guilty, and were soon escorted down stairs, under sentence of four years each to hard labor.

Mr. Folz, who was jailor at that period, builded better than he knew when, for some reason of his own, he locked us up as



condemned men in a different cell from that which we had previously occupied. Why have I mentioned this episode? In order that I might publicly acknowledge my belief in God's compassion and love for me, even while I was lifting my puny arm in disobedient warfare against Him. Truly, man proposes, but God disposes.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PRISON LIFE IN JOLIET.



N a few days I, in company with some twenty or more others, was taken early one morning from cell, manacled and handcuffed, and, after a short ride, I was en-

tered on the records of Joliet penitentiary as John Smith, No. 8,500, with four years of servitude before me, less a possible commutation of ten months for good conduct. I was, indeed, serving a harsh task-master.

I had but one settled purpose in my mind. I was determined to do all in my power to earn the ten months of "good time," as we termed it, by keeping strictly within the rules of the prison. This determination I carried out to the letter. From the moment that I was critically examined and searched by Frank Murray, the guard appointed to perform that act on all new arrivals, until the hour when the same officer fitted me out with a citizen's suit in exchange for the stripes, I managed to avoid even a reprimand from those who had me in charge, whether in workshops or in cell.

Of course, my previous experience in other prisons, and the training of my life helped me to escape many a pitfall that proved dangerous to others, less experienced.

I was merely an old soldier, re-enlisted. I could look with complacency on the mistakes of the new recruits, in the awkward squad, remembering the fact that many, many years had passed since I first learned what was expected of me. I knew the absolute futility of any attempt on the part of a prisoner to defy the authorities or disobey the rules and regulations of the prison. I had known, in other prisons, men of greater will power than I possessed and far excelling me in physical strength, who had attempted the impossible. They had set out to have their own way, and a miserable, wretched, heart breaking way it proved to be. I had seen those same strong men so reduced by the physical punishment and close confinement their misconduct entailed, that in the end their boasted strength was changed into the weakness of a little child some of them being ruined mentally as well as physically. Knowing this, I was very careful not to run my head against a stone wall. I was a model prisoner.

During the whole of my eventful life, I have been passionately fond of music. Many an otherwise weary hour in my cell has been made less irksome because of the interest I felt in the study of

music whenever I could obtain books on that subject. The slight knowledge thus gained proved advantageous to me in my new place of abode. Through the good offices of another prisoner, who knew me, I was taken as a member of the prison choir on the first Sunday after my admission. This in my eyes at least, was a very great privilege. We were taken out of our cells at night, once and occasionally twice each week, to practice singing for about two hours. Oh, what a boon that was! No one can properly appreciate the value of such a respite from the hideous cell life unless he has personally experienced the confinement and also the few happy hours of release. I know that the thought of the choir practice at night helped me to bear the burden of prison life many a day, when my heart and spirit failed me as I thought of the long years before me.

Just at this point I wish to testify to the unfailing patience and kindness of Mr. Wheat, the gentleman who, in addition to his duties as usher, had charge of the choir, and also to the gentleness and sweetness of his wife, who acted as organist and tutor of the choir. They have probably long since given place to others, but the memory of their sympathetic goodness is, doubtless, still retained by many whose hard lot was brightened by their kindly words.

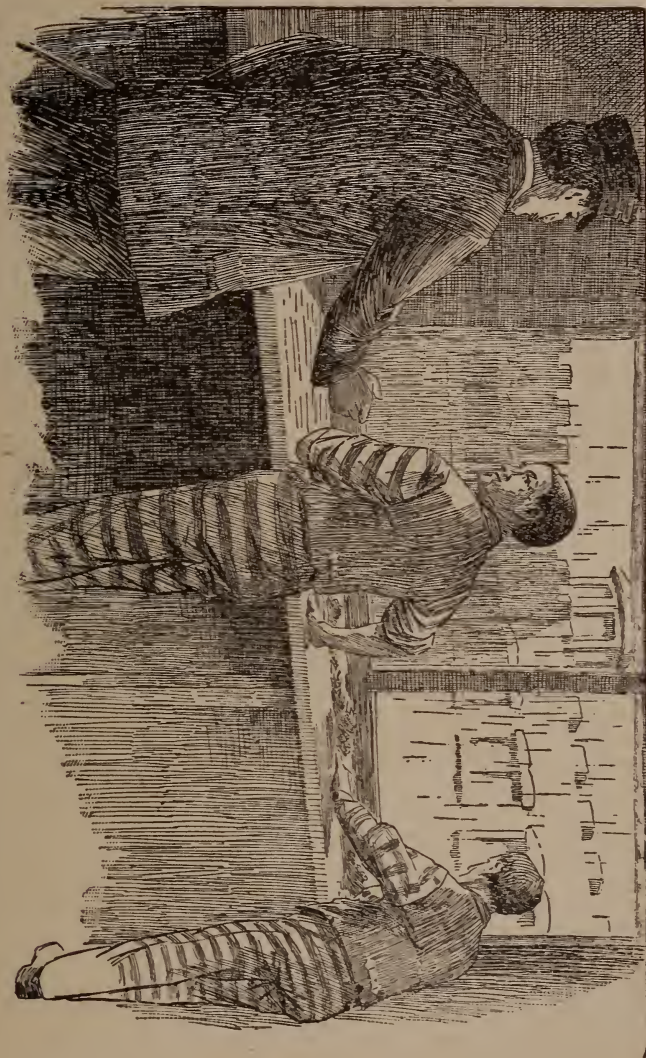
Maj. McClaughry, who had lately been



appointed warden, had just commenced the work of reform and improvement that has resulted in making this prison one of the best in the land, both for the prisoner and for the state. Of course, at that time the contract system was in full vogue, the prisoners being leased out to various contractors for a stated sum per day, as in Sing Sing and many other penal institutions, the state supplying the necessary food, clothing, shelter, workshops and guards for the convicts. On the morning after our arrival, we were examined by foremen from the different shops, who chose those that suited them, and the remainder were left to be employed by the state. I was set to work in a shop for a contractor. My task was shading cigars, that is, from a miscellaneous heap of many colors and tints ranging from darkest "Madura" to lightest "Claro," I picked those that were nearest alike, and by continuous selection, contrived to fill each box with cigars of a uniform shade. The work was light, requiring only quickness of eye and hand. I was there with the intention of doing my best and, as a matter of course, I satisfied my foreman by my work, while the guard found no cause for complaint in my conduct.

During the first few months I suffered from a condition of affairs that made my life almost unendurable. The cell that I occupied at night was shared with another convict, a one-armed man named Scott.

"COME WITH ME," SAID HE."



He was an elderly man, sent up, I believe, from Vermillion county, for horse-stealing. He appeared to have a mania for this particular crime, as I think he was serving his third or fourth term for a similar offense. Judging by his own confidential statement to me, he was in the habit, whenever he was discharged from prison, of returning to his old haunts, where he would pick up a horse, with the usual result of a few months waiting for trial in the county jail, ending in a return to the penitentiary.

Prison cells are not made for comfort. They are, at best, close and uncomfortable for one person, but their disagreeable points are intensified to an enormous degree when, within their narrow limits, two or more are forced to pass more than one-half of each twenty-four hours. This is true, even when it happens that the cell-mates are congenial in tastes and habits—how much more so when, as frequently happens, the very manners, thoughts and general make-up of the men, thus thrown together, are antagonistic. This was our unfortunate position. I say “our,” for I feel sure that poor Scott found my companionship as much of a burden as his presence was to me.

Poor old man! His failing eyesight prevented him from reading, except at short intervals, even had his inclination led in that direction, which it did not. He had lost an arm, and the stump caused him



intense pain during certain phases of the weather, and, as was natural, he would chatter to me about his ailments and about the many little things that would occur to annoy him in the course of the day, expecting my sympathy. But I, while in prison, was of studious habits—an omniverous reader—and, although at first I tried to respond to his remarks, I soon grew tired of his continual piping. Just at the moment when I would be absorbed in the work of some well-known author, dead, for the time being, to my miserable surroundings, I would be rudely recalled by the querulous whimperings of my broken-down old cell-mate. In a short time I resented his interruptions, telling him that I found no pleasure in his complainings. This, however, only added to the intolerable flow of chatter with which he deluged me. The whole training of my life forbade, on my part, any complaint to the authorities, and I dare not attempt to contemplate what might have resulted if we had not been, very providentially, separated. On several occasions he goaded me, by his nagging, to such a frenzy of passion, that I was compelled to seek the refuge of my cot in order to keep from doing him bodily harm. Oh, God! How sincerely glad am I that those days have passed away, forever,—forever!

One day, while busily at work shading cigars, I saw, out of the tail of my eye,



Capt. Hall, the deputy warden, passing through the shop, apparently on a tour of inspection. He talked for awhile with the guard in charge, and then came slowly up the aisle to the bench where I stood working.

"Can you keep books? D'you ever do any book-keeping?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes, sir—" This was a lie, but I spoke it without hesitation.

"Where?" was his next sententious question.

"Oh, in different places and for different manufacturing firms," I replied.

"Come with me," said he, making a sign to the guard, and off we went.

As we crossed the prison yard together, he told me I was going to work for the Ohio Butt Co., as their book keeper, and that if I was competent and attended to my duties, I would find the place a vast improvement over my position in the cigar shop. I assured him that I would do my best to merit the good fortune that had come to me, and even while I spoke, the uppermost thought with me was that this meant final separation from old Scott, my cell-mate, and his perpetual talk.

We soon arrived at the office of the Butt Co., and I was presented to the notice of C. F. Swan, president of the company, which was composed of himself and his two nephews, Frank and — Andrews Swan, sons of Judge Swan, of Ohio.

The old gentleman spoke to me in a

very kindly manner. He appeared pre-possessed in my favor. After Capt. Hall had left us, he began to explain the work that was expected of me. He seemed to take it for granted that I was an expert book-keeper, and I did my best to carry out the impression. I begged his indulgence for a few days, until I became accustomed to the novelty of my new surroundings, and he re-assured me, telling me that I need not be afraid if I did my best.

The following day I became acquainted with the other members of the firm. A sympathetic remark on the part of one of them as to my appearance, led to a plain statement on my side that I was, in truth, 'not an accidental prisoner, serving a first term, and deserving of pity, but an old offender who had deservedly known the inside of many prisons. I was always opposed to sailing under false colors when there was nothing to be gained thereby, and in this case I knew that it was only a question of time when some prisoner, working on the contract, who had known me elsewhere, would mention the fact, and it would come to the ears of my employers. My confession never appeared to stand in my way in winning the good will and confidence of the firm. During the remaining years of my imprisonment, I was in their employ, and when my term expired, they gave me ample evidence that they were satisfied with my work.

Although I had never had a previous opportunity to learn book-keeping by double entry, yet I managed to hide that fact, and succeeded, by dint of earnest effort, in getting out my first monthly trial balance without an error. I sorely wanted to hold the position, and worked and studied day and night to accomplish my aim. The results fully repaid me for all my efforts.

As a rule, the men employed on the contract worked at piece work, doing a certain task each day. For all overwork, that is, work beyond their daily task, they were allowed credit at the rate paid to the prison authorities for their services, the money being placed to their account, each month, in the warden's office, while a daily and monthly bulletin was posted in the shops for the inspection of the men. It was a part of my duties to watch, each day, the weighing and counting of the work of the men and, after deducting the regular amount for their task, I would enter up the various sums for overwork. I had quite a number of acquaintances in the shops—my own partner, O'Reilly, among others, working in the foundry—but I can truthfully say that I did the square thing, both by contractor and fellow-convict, without fear or favor. This I did, not because it was the right thing to do, but from motives of selfish consideration. I wanted to make my "good time" allowance, and was too "wise" to jeopard-

ize it by crooked work that, in the long run, was sure to be discovered, either by the shrewdness of guards or foremen, or through the inevitable treachery of the beneficiaries. Experience had taught me that in such an instance as this, honesty was, indeed, the best, in fact, the only policy worth following.

Among the men employed by the Ohio Butt Co., were quite a number who were notorious because of their skill or the enormity of their evil deeds. Ben Boyd, the expert engraver; gentlemanly Jim Rittenhouse, the printer and partner of Pete Macartney, and Old Driggs, the capitalist, and prime mover in this particular band of "coniacickers," or counterfeitters, worked every day and were compelled to do their task, despite the well known fact that Driggs had thousands of dollars to invest, if money could have changed their position or purchased them immunity from labor. Side by side with them were men who were serving long terms for their connection with the celebrated Crain and Bulliner factional feuds that so long disturbed certain counties in Southern Illinois, and caused the death of so many members of both warring factions.

I served my sentence, and succeeded in securing the full allowance of ten months for good conduct. Was I benefitted by my incarceration? Yes, I was, physically. The regular hours and the plain, but wholesome diet, combined with the forced



abstention from alcoholic and other excesses, in which I had indulged when at liberty, had served to put me in a clean sanitary condition. Was I improved morally or spiritually? I am compelled to answer, No! On the contrary, I had become, if possible, more case hardened than ever.

Sunday after Sunday, for three years and two months I sat in the choir within a few feet of the speaker's desk and looked down into the shaven faces of that host robed, like myself, in the prison garb.

Famous men stood on that platform, and by their wonderful descriptive powers and eloquence caused their unhappy audience to completely forget their surroundings. Others came who were noted for their self-sacrificing lives; for the religion that they lived as well as preached. These, by their tender, earnest and, oftentimes, impassioned appeals to the men, strangely moved the hearts of many; causing stubborn heads to bow while the hot tears of remorse, regret and sometimes even of repentance coursed down the crime-furrowed cheek. But, while I listened with deep attention and carefully noticed the result of speech or sermon on my fellow-prisoners, I must confess, with shame, that I was never personally impressed with a sense of my own sins by anything that I heard there. I have pondered deeply over this deplorable fact, but can give no valid reason for it, except that

I feel sure the failure was on my part—the fault was mine.

Late in the fall of 1877, Mr. Frank Swan, in a conversation with me about my future, kindly told me that they—the firm—had determined they would do all in their power to help me to a new start in life, provided that my inclinations were in that direction.

“We have talked this matter over together, John,” (to him I was John Smith, No. 8,500). “We have talked this over, and we believe there is too much in you, there is in you the making of too good a man to go on the rest of your life in this horrible way.” He spoke very earnestly and with deep feeling. His words were impressed on my memory.

“Now, if you really want to give up the old life,” he looked very critically at me as he continued, “and I’m sure I should think you would, we will give you an opportunity to redeem yourself—to make a man of yourself in spite of the past. What do you say, John?”

I assured him that I was sick and tired of my former manner of life, and intended to live honestly if I found it possible for me to do so. I meant every word that I said. The fruits of my life of crime and sin had long since turned to bitter ashes in my mouth. The matter was the subject of conversation for a number of days after this, and in the end resulted in my being engaged to work for

the firm as traveling salesman when my term of imprisonment should have expired.

On the 14th day of December, 1877, I was called into the warden's office, and No. 8,500 passed out of existence. I and my comrade, O'Reilly, were discharged and stood, once more, at liberty to go whither soever we chose. Through the kind instrumentality of Frank Swan, work had been secured for my partner in the foundry of Jas. L. Haven, of Cincinnati, O. After a few words together, we parted, I, going back to my work with the Butt Co., while he went forth to his new position. I have no knowledge of his afterlife.

Some days previous to this, I had been carefully measured, consequently I found myself provided with a well-fitting, respectable suit of citizens' clothing. Arrangements had been made with the authorities whereby I was to go in and out of the prison on the same footing as the other foremen and employes of the different contractors. And, as a matter of justice to all concerned, I wish to say that the treatment accorded me was, in every particular, impartial, considerate and kindly.

Excellent accommodation was provided for me at a hotel in Joliet, where my "previous condition of servitude" was either unknown or ignored, and I took up the new life with a zest and keen enjoyment that only those who have passed

through a like experience can properly appreciate.

For nearly two weeks I went, each day, to the office, resuming my place at the desk, working arduously and enthusiastically taking the yearly invoice or inventory of stock, etc., making up and balancing the yearly accounts. I enjoyed it, and had great hopes of a future that should make amends for the misery of the past.





## CHAPTER XIX.

### GOOD-BYE TO JOLIET.



HEN the day came for me to start on the road. I was familiar by correspondence, with all their customers; knew the peculiarities and standing of each, and the general line of their trade.

The manufacture of barbed wire for fencing, (then in its infancy), had been taken up the Butt Co., and great things were expected from its introduction among those who bought the various manufactured products of the firm.

The salary paid me was a very generous one, more than sufficient for all my needs. I was furnished with a railway ticket and an ample supply of money for expenses, and with a hearty hand-shake and earnest good wishes, I went forth to conquer a new world. To win, by good conduct and right living, a place among my fellow-men.

I stopped at a few small towns on my way southward, down the state, making special efforts to interest the hardware dealers in the possibilities of barbed-wire. The success I met was encouraging, and each day opened up a new vista of future happiness. I thoroughly enjoyed the work.

By the end of the week I reached Bloomington. We had, during the previous summer, some business complications at this place with the agents of "The Grange." I was fortunately able to straighten this matter up to the mutual satisfaction of both parties interested. I was also successful in securing good orders from Harwood Bros., old customers of the Butt Co., and I returned to my hotel feeling highly elated. I sat down and wrote a detailed account to the firm, and mapped out my future course—the towns and concerns I intended visiting, etc.—subject, of course, to their orders. Then I leisurely strolled into the hall, where I met a young traveling salesman or "drummer," whose acquaintance I had formed coming in on the train. After a few words as to our mutual success during the day, at his solicitation we went for a short walk together, finally visiting a place of amusement—a fourth-rate variety show—that satisfied neither of us. Leaving there, we entered a billiard hall.

I always enjoyed the game, and, on entering, the peculiar musical click of the balls, combined with the general atmosphere and tone of the place, awakened within me the slumbering desire for the excitements of the old life. When asked by my companion I readily consented to play ONE game.

Of course, we played more than one. Other players at near-by tables were

drinking occasionally. What more natural than that we should drink, also. The inevitable result was, on my part, a complete relapse into my natural condition. My inclinations were evil, and it required very little temptation to upset all my good resolutions.

The following week found me in St. Louis; once more back in the ranks where I belonged. An Ishmaelite, with no hope or expectation of ever being anything else.

I stayed in the immediate vicinity of St. Louis during the following year, making occasional trips out of town when my finances were low, but always returning as soon as my purse was in a good condition. I found congenial society, and strove to enjoy myself, but must confess I failed. One thought was with me continually, at that period, intruding even when I was surrounded by the gayest or most reckless companions. I felt that the opportunity of my life had come and gone, and I had been too weak and unstable to seize and hold it. Almost unwittingly I would find myself murmuring:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Sometimes a chance view of my own flushed face, reflected in a mirror as I stood drinking at a bar, would serve to emphasize the ever-present thought, and I would mentally wander off into a maze of "might have beens," until the jeering

remarks of my companions would recall me. Waking, after a night of sinful folly, the same thought would give an added sting to the physical sufferings that were the natural penalty for the dissipation in which I was indulging.

And yet, in my most serious moments, when I most bitterly regretted my failure, I knew, in my inmost heart, that if the same or an equal opportunity was presented to me, the result must sooner or later be the same. A leopard cannot change its spots of its own volition. From childhood, I had carefully cultivated certain habits and desires. They had grown with my growth in sin. I had so wound them about me and intertwined them with my mode of life, that they had become my nature, my very life, in fact. I acknowledged my Master, and tried to make the best of a bad bargain. Nevertheless, for a season the chains of my servitude were very galling and extremely heavy. The passing months eventually brought comparative forgetfulness, and I went on down the hill.

In mid-winter of that year, 1878, I went down to Memphis. The city had been depopulated the previous summer by the ravages of yellow fever. I hoped to be able to make some money, but found conditions there so horrible and distressing, that I hastily pushed on to Little Rock. The legislature was in session, and the little capital was very gay and full of ex-



citement. Of course, I found men of my class there, and had no difficulty in fraternizing with them. I traveled about a little, visiting, among other places, the town of Hot Springs.

It was a perfect hot-bed of evil. Every conceivable vice unblushingly forced itself upon the public view, and I found it a very profitable field for my evil work. My harvest, however, was quickly brought to a very sudden close by an incident, the fortunate outcome of which I can only explain by believing that our God interposed to save my then worthless life that He might use me, finally, as a monumental witness of His love and grace.

I had struck up an acquaintance with an eastern man who had been at the Springs long enough to thoroughly know the lay of the land. We went to work together. The town itself at that time consisted of one long, rambling street that followed the natural bend of the hills which on both sides hung threateningly over it. So abrupt was the ascent of the hills, that an active man could step on to the hill side from the rear of the second story of many of the hotels.

One night, in company with my new chum, I mounted to the veranda on the second floor of a leading hotel. We had selected a room and, without loss of time, forced open the blinds. We were busily at work on the window, when the noise of a crying baby brought us to a standstill.

From our point of vantage, we looked in and saw the parents engaged, attending to the child. The little one appeared to be ailing, the father making evident preparations to sit up and watch beside it. Seeing this, we turned away in disgust, and went on around the veranda, stopping, ultimately, at a window near the rear of the building. With very little trouble the shutter and window were opened, and we looked into the lighted bedroom where a man lay calmly sleeping almost within reach from where we stood. I can see the scene, with all its details, once more, as I write.

On a little table near his bedside, stood a shaded lamp, and a bottle of medicine with an open watch lying beside them. I stepped lightly through the window and picking up the watch, handed it to my pal. One step more, and from the pocket of a vest hanging on a chair, I gleefully abstracted a comfortable roll of bills. Holding them up for the gratification of the outside man, I quickly thrust them into my pocket and moved further down the room in quest of more booty. I paid no attention to the sleeper, as I knew that my partner would be able to keep him quiet by a judicious word, should he, unfortunately, wake up during our visit. My experience had taught me that it required very little courage or nerve to induce a man to lie still; always provided that you were looking at him when he

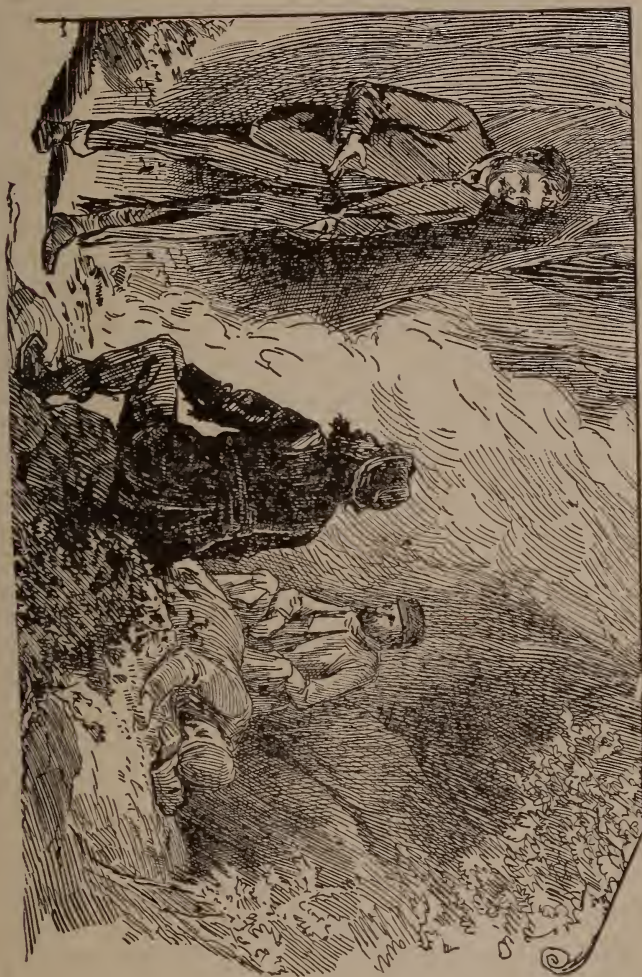
awoke. The average man who opens his eyes from sound sleep and looks into the stern face of a stranger at his bedside, is apt, very sensibly, to lie quiet when ordered to do so. Knowing this, I went ahead without a thought of fear.

An ejaculation of wonder caused me to look around and, to my disagreeable surprise, the sleeper was awake, sitting up in bed, and groping hurriedly under his pillow for—my startled heart said “his gun.” No signs of my pal, but the whole building resounded with the roars and cries of the awakened man on the bed.

All this I saw and understood, as I sprang for the window. He pluckily made a grab at me, but I forced my way past him out onto the veranda. His outcries had alarmed the house, and as I moved towards the rear of the building, windows and doors were thrown open on all sides. Not wishing to be used as a target, I placed my hand on the rail, and vaulted over into the darkness below, and landed, fairly and squarely, on a picket fence.

The shock was so great that for one moment I thought I would faint. I fell over sideways, luckily falling up the hill away from the house; then, as the lights began to flash out below, and I saw parties coming towards me, I managed to drag my poor, battered body up the hill, and with as much speed as possible, I crept out of danger. The scars of that night's work will go with me to my grave.





"I'VE A GOOD BIG DOLLAR HERE."



The state penitentiary of Arkansas had an exceedingly bad reputation at that period among the evil class to which I belonged. I was thoroughly familiar with its horrors, although I had not personally experienced them. As I worked, as silently and as rapidly as possible, up the hillside in my effort to escape the noisy swarm of hunters from the hotel, the thought of the terrible chain-gang in the quarries loomed dark and dreadful before me and spurred me on to increased efforts to avoid such a fate.

At one time, several of the pursuers came very near me, moving along with their lights much more rapidly than I could in the dark. They came just below me on the hillside, so near that I stood almost within the circle of light from their lanterns, and I planted myself firmly, thinking the game was up, and fully determined never to be taken alive, but they hurried by without noticing me, so I quietly sat down with my back to a tree and tried to take stock of my injuries, while I kept a vigilant eye on the flickering lights below.

I had lost my hat in the fall, and my clothing had suffered a great deal in my contact with the fences and also in my blind rush up the hillside in the dark. I knew that I was badly torn by the pickets; I could feel a ragged wound starting from a point a short distance above the right knee and extending several inches

up the inside of the leg, but, although I wished to, I dared not make a light to examine it properly. The frayed remnants of the woolen stockings I had worn over my shoes, for quiet work, I tore off very quickly, and with the addition of a handkerchief I managed to bind up the hurt in such manner as to, at least, stop the flow of blood. Then with a little more ambition and hope, I crept away again.

One fact was patent to me. I must, if possible, get out of Hot Springs, and the flitting must be done before morning. For one brief moment the man on the bed and I had looked each other squarely in the face. As I toiled carefully around the side of the hill, his face presented itself very vividly to my mind, and I found myself laughing, in spite of the pain, as I recalled the mingled look of horror and indignation that met my eyes as I turned towards him. I felt that my features were probably indelibly imprinted on his memory, and that he would surely recognize me if we were brought face to face. Now the town itself was a complete cesspool of sin and vice; but it was far too small to offer any chance for hiding if the authorities cared to hunt for the culprit. And in this case I felt sure they would do their duty. There was, at that time, but one train a day, which left every morning for Malvern, the junction of the Iron Mountain Railroad. Even on ordin-

ary occasions, it was customary for detectives to be present at the depot to scrutinize the arrivals and departures, so I dared not attempt to leave by that route, as it would be simply delivering myself into their hands. But one other alternative presented itself; I must walk. I was lame and sore, but when I thought of that chain-gang I did not hesitate. As rapidly as possible, I stepped forward in my arduous journey of twenty-one dreary miles.

I was cautious about going near the railroad tracks, and kept along the mountain side, although the walking there was much more difficult. Soon after leaving the town, I came to a camp-fire where a number of tramps and men out of work were stretched out for the night. I chummed in with one who was sitting up smoking, and after a little talk about New York and other cities, he hunted up a needle and thread and, with a few deft stitches among my fluttering rags, he soon made me a little more presentable. Of course, I gave him some sort of a yarn to account for my condition, and, of course, he didn't believe a word that I said.

"I've a good big dollar bill here," said I, "that I'd like to swap for any kind of a hat."

"The dollar's mine," said he, as he moved off around the circle of sleeping and lounging men.

In a few minutes he was back with a

passably good hat. I didn't ask where he got it, but I feel sure that some poor, homeless fellow was the loser. I gave him the dollar and took the hat, starting once more, with a little better spirit, on the road.

As soon as I felt it would be safe to do so, I managed to get down to the railroad track, the grade of the roadbed being much easier to walk upon than the up and down climbing of the hills. For the first few hours, because of the intense darkness of the night, I got along very slowly. Again and yet again I nearly fell headlong into one or another of the many culverts and bridges that dot the line of track. My torn and bruised leg caused me a great deal of anxiety and pain. As soon as the welcome gleam of daylight permitted, I hunted up a water-hole and bathed and examined the hurt. While I congratulated myself that it was no worse, yet I felt sadly discouraged as I looked at it; for I began to fear that I might, after all, break down before I reached Malvern. The gloomy walls of the prison at Little Rock seemed to draw very near at the thought. However, I bandaged the wound to the best of my ability with my handkerchief, and doggedly pushed ahead.

I took pains to avoid being seen by the gangs working on the track during the day, as I had a lively remembrance of a trip many years before, up in Canada, which had ended disastrously because of informa-



tion furnished by a gang of section men to a party who were hunting me, which resulted in my arrest and imprisonment. One such experience was enough to teach me a lesson. I profited by it and modestly kept out of sight.

I left the camp-fire between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, I should judge, and although I walked as steadily as my hurt would permit, I did not get into Malvern until night had fallen.

I was hungry and exhausted, and suffering a great deal of pain, but I knew it would be foolhardy to attempt to stay there. I managed to get something to eat and drink, and I found an accommodating storekeeper of whom I bought a pair of cheap pants and an overcoat. Then I slipped quietly down to the water tank, on the Iron Mountain track, and waited for the next train, going, I cared not which way.

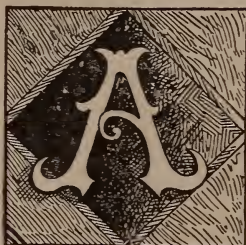
As I sat there on the timbers, half dozing and shivering a little, for the night was cold, I remember I kept turning and turning, in my pocket, the roll of bills that I had gotten in my recent raid. I was worn out and wretched, and would have willingly given up every dollar of that ill-gotten roll, and as much more on top of it, for one good night's rest in safety and quiet. Oh, the misery of it all! I was serving a hard task-master, but, praise God, I am no longer the servant of sin.

In due time a train stopped at the tank, and as it pulled out again I jumped aboard with a feeling of satisfaction. It was a passenger, and I rode the steps of the "blind baggage," carefully keeping out of sight until we reached Arkadelphia. Then, I took a seat in a coach and, after paying my fare, I rested my weary body till the train stopped at Texarkana. I hunted up a quiet, second-rate hotel and arranged for a week's stay, then as speedily as possible I secured possession of a room and very soon knew the comfort of a sound night's sleep.



## CHAPTER XX.

### DRIFTING FROM BAD TO WORSE.



ABOUT one week later, in company with a new "pal," I traveled back to Little Rock. My partner was a young, innocent-looking lad of about twenty-one years.

His parents were respectable New York Jews, but he was the black sheep. I had known him slightly before we went to work together, and I found him to be one of the most successful "wires" or pick-pockets that I had ever known. He was small and very boyish in appearance, which fact he used to advantage in his nefarious work.

In a saloon at Little Rock, I met my late associate. He manifested pleasure on seeing me, and almost immediately asked for his "bit" of the money I had gone off with. Instead of money, I gave him a raking down for his stupidity or cowardice—whichever it was—in acting as he did that night. Words multiplied between us, and the result was we were forcibly separated by mutual acquaintances and the bar-keeper, just as we were coming to blows. He got nothing from me but abuse.

Early in March, Little Rock got to be very "hot" for my friend, Sheeny Jimmy,

and myself. We had been "working" the trains and depots; also the halls of legislature, with fairly good pecuniary results, Jimmy doing the "grafting," while I merely acted as his "stall," or cover, which was the only part of such work that I could do with any degree of success. For awhile we got along unnoticed, then when certain parties began to notice us and investigate our daily life, the judicious use of a few dollars made things all right again. Continued complaints, however, were going in to headquarters, and the result was we found it advisable to seek new pastures. So we started back over the Iron Mountain railroad, stopping off at Poplar Bluffs and other small towns on the road, finally landing in St. Louis.

I learned at once that St. Louis was not a good place for me to be in. Former associates assured me that I had better leave or else keep very quiet, as some of the authorities had expressed a keen desire to see me. I was more than willing to act at once on this advice, but Jimmy dissuaded me. It was April, and the crowded streets in the early, bright spring weather offered rich promise of booty. So I agreed to stay for a few weeks, and, as a preliminary step, I parted with a very heavy moustache that I took considerable pride in, and with a clean, smooth-shaven face, sought and found rooms away from my former haunts.



The particular offense for which I was "wanted" was perpetrated the previous summer. I had no hand, part or lot in its execution; knew nothing about it until some weeks after it occurred, and received no share of the proceeds. Nevertheless, I knew too much about the peculiarities and vagaries of law courts to attempt to convince those who sought me that I was innocent in the matter.

The residence of a well-known newspaper man was feloniously entered and considerable booty carried off—clothing, jewelry, plate, etc. I roomed, at that time, on Third street, and I have reasons for believing the act was committed by a couple of acquaintances who occupied rooms adjoining mine. Late in the fall they left the city very unceremoniously, giving to me, before they departed, certain things that were too cumbersome to take with them. Among other things I found a plated salver marked with a peculiar monogram. It was doubled up, and evidently had been prepared for the melting pot, but, discovering that it was not silver, it had been laid aside. A gambling acquaintance of mine was in my room when I found this prize, and when I expressed my intention of dumping it into the river, he begged for it, and I gave it to him with the understanding that it would be sent out of the city. On my return to the city I learned that it had fallen into the hands of the police, and my

personal explanation was desired by them. For this reason, I determined to keep under cover as much as possible while in the city, and to make my stay very brief.

I cautioned Jimmy against letting any of our friends know where we roomed. In spite of this, he returned to the house, one evening, bringing with him two old-time acquaintances, father and son. I had known them in Joliet, and was not very eager to resume association with them. They, however, made up their minds to be near us, and to this end secured rooms in the same house. I began to make ready for a change of scene, but postponed the matter too long. A very respectable, harmless-looking gentleman dropped in on us one morning and, with the aid of some friends of his, escorted us to the police station where we were booked as suspicious characters.

I will not weary the reader with a detailed description of the following days spent in the "sweat box" at headquarters. We were interviewed by the chief and inspected and questioned by the majority of the force. I spent some very disagreeable hours in the cell, fully expecting to be identified as a man "wanted," but by sheer impudence and the skill acquired in my evil life, I managed to pass the ordeal without being discovered. In the end our portraits were taken, to adorn the "gallery," and we were set free with imperative orders to leave town AT ONCE. It is,

perhaps, needless to add that we obeyed that order to the letter.

We, that is, Jimmy and I, traveled eastward as far as Cincinnati. There, the fate that was inevitable overtook him. He was arrested while on the road out to see a game of ball one afternoon, and a lady preferred a charge of larceny against him. He was caught in the act, and the evidence was overwhelmingly against him, but of course I tried my utmost to secure his freedom. I retained a sharp lawyer, who obtained a continuance for a week. Then I went to see the lady who was the prosecuting witness, and tried to induce her to let the matter drop. I pleaded his youth and the fact that he had been led astray by others older than himself; talked of his mother's sorrow and shame if her only boy should go to prison, but the lady was obdurate. She made me understand that Jimmy deserved to be punished severely, not only because he was a dangerous thief, but also because of his impudent, slanderous tongue. I learned later that Jimmy, with all his skill, was not shrewd enough to bridle his lips. When arrested in the street car and charged with picking this lady's pocket, he tried to win free by scurrilous abuse and ridicule of the complainant. He had the satisfaction of making the onlookers laugh at her, but she never forgave him. She followed the case up energetically until she heard him sen-

tenced to prison for a short term; then she laughed at his expense and I suppose her wrath was appeased.

I went on, alone, to Cleveland. After a short stay I visited Pittsburgh, then back to Cleveland. So for a while I moved from place to place, never finding rest or peace. Sometimes plentifully supplied with funds, then, again, finding it hard to get enough to supply the demands of my vicious habits.

From boyhood I had indulged in the pernicious habit of drinking intoxicants. While I was yet young I had, to some extent, managed to control my desires in that direction, mainly because the men with whom I worked, and whose conduct and daily life were my model, had no use for a man who was a slave of drink. They drank heavily themselves, but they boasted, always, that they could drink and let it alone, and were bitter and caustic in their remarks on other, weaker men. I noticed, however, as I met some of these same strong-willed men in different cities as the years went by, that they still exercised the power to "drink" when they wished, while the "let it alone" part was apparently held in abeyance. As a rule they were as much enslaved as were the men they had formerly professed to despise.

Looking back, I must confess that I believe the years spent by me in various penitentiaries and prisons acted as a check



on this habit, for, as I grew older, I was compelled to admit that if I had ever possessed the strength to stop when I wished, that day had gone by for me. I knew that in my evil manner of life a clear head was an absolute essential, not only for success, but for comparative safety; yet, again and again, I found myself attempting dangerous work in such a condition that failure and arrest seemed almost inevitable. I had known this for some time, yet I was very much surprised when an acquaintance spoke to me about it.

I was sitting late one night in a disreputable "free and easy" saloon on Broadway, Cleveland, drinking and chatting with some men who were listening to the music and songs. My pockets were fairly well supplied, so I was rather liberal in ordering drinks for those who sat near me.

Presently, a Canadian, whom I had known for years, took his pipe from between his teeth, and leaning over towards me said, very earnestly:

"Tom, old man; you're gettin' to be an awful lush. I never see yer straight any more."

I can't tell you what a shock I felt when I heard his words. My heart told me the sentence was true; but therein was the sting. He was much younger than I, and I could remember when he had seemed to look up to and admire me and

my cleverness. Now, what a change. I resented his pity.

"Well, I must say, I don't think you've any right to call me down. You're no slouch at the game, yourself," was my retort.

"That's all right, Tom, I'll admit I'm doin' more of this than is good for me, but I can quit, and do quit, whenever I want to, but you're at it all the time, lately, and it's tellin' on yer. You're not the man you was a few years ago. Besides, nobody wants to graft with a lush."

I turned away without saying a word. I was afraid to trust myself to speak. I knew my man well. If I had expressed the bitter thoughts that were surging within me, there would have been a fight on the instant, and for this I felt in no humor. I was completely overcome with the thought that my associates looked on me as a pitiable, helpless drunkard. I walked out into the night air, and went home, indulging in some very serious thought on the way. I went to bed determined that on this point I would, at once, reform my life. I would show that I was still in the ring.

Ah, me! "The road to hell is paved with good resolutions."

The summer that Garfield was assassinated, I drifted back to Chicago. I had considerable money when I reached the city, and for awhile I enjoyed myself. I had been away since early October, 1874,

and I had changed considerably in the interval, so I had great hopes that no one would recognize me. To help in this direction, I kept clear of all the places where I had formerly spent my leisure time and money and found companionship in certain saloons on the west side that were patronized almost exclusively by laboring men. As a result of this, I managed to scrape up courage enough to cause me to seek and find honest work for myself.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### AN ATTEMPT AT REFORMATION.



MONG those with whom I had become acquainted were quite a number of gravel roofers. One of them formed quite a friendship for me, and through him, when my money gave out, I found work with the firm of M. W. Powell & Co. I was heartily sick of the old life, and had been for years, and I went in for the new existence with considerable vim and energy. I gave satisfaction by my work to those who were over me, except that my excessive drinking made it impossible for them to rely on me. I worked for the firm for about one year, and toward the latter part I usually failed to appear on the Monday morning after pay-day. As long as men were scarce and work plentiful, my conduct was tolerated; when conditions changed, however, I was, naturally, one of the first laid off.

I was completely disgusted with myself, but fool-like, I laid most of the blame on my surroundings. I thought it possible that if I went out west I could overcome this appetite and live decently and respectably. With this end in view, I went



to Kansas City, and one of the first things I did on arriving was to resume drinking. At the end of a week I found myself penniless, and my face horribly cut and swollen as the result of my protracted spree. Heartsick and desperate, I went down to the railroad yards, and jumped aboard a box car on a moving train. In the morning I was hustled out by a zealous brakeman and found myself in the quiet, law-abiding town of Ottawa, Kan.

Walking about to size up the town, I fell in with some fellows who were working on the grade of a new branch line that was being built between Ottawa and Emporia. I went out to their camp on the outskirts of town, and in spite of my dilapidated appearance, I obtained work. I was engaged to drive a span of mules for the contractor (D. P. Alexander, I think was the name), and for a little more than one month I hustled a dump wagon in and out, to the accompaniment of a continuous "Bring them in here," or "Get 'em out" from the lips of the noisy and profane but otherwise rather pleasant foreman.

We lived in tents, and in many ways the life was not so joyless or disagreeable as one, looking on from the outside, might suppose.

For me, when I became initiated, it always possessed a certain attraction, in spite of the heavy work and the lack of certain accessories that are usually thought to be indispensable. I followed

the life of a laborer on public works for quite a number of years after this, and I here testify that I found the vast majority of the men so occupied, to be industrious, good tempered, obliging and charitable towards each other to the utmost degree when at work and clear from the brutalizing effects of the horrible, life and soul-destroying liquor, which is sold to them under the name of whisky. I have seen men who have lived peacefully and friendly together for months, transformed, in a few hours, under its influence, into veritable demons, capable of committing any atrocity.

From Ottawa I went up into Nebraska, in company with other men from Alexander's outfit, and found work on a new branch of the B. & M. R. R. from Beatrice to Tecumseh, and later in the season, from Nemaha City to Salem. When construction ceased, because of cold weather, I went south and worked for the Ft. Scott & Gulf Co., returning again to Nebraska in the spring, and finding employment on the extension of the B. & M. from Odell, Neb., to Concordia, Kan.

So I went on for quite a number of years, working industriously and plumbing myself on the better life I was leading because I no longer followed robbery as a profession. Yet I knew at the time that I was at heart just as much a rogue as ever. I soon obtained a position as foreman; as a matter of fact, I was given

charge of a gang of men by the second contractor for whom I worked. The three years apprenticeship to the carpenter's bench at Feltham gave me a certain facility with tools, and my mode of life in the past served to furnish me with a good deal of confidence in my ability to do things. To while away the hours in a prison cell, I had read a great deal of matter on almost every conceivable subject, and as I had always been blessed with a remarkably retentive memory, I found a great deal of it helpful in my new life. I got along well with my comrades while we were in camp or on work train. When we were having what we called "a good time" in town or city, I am forced to say the opposite was the rule. Then when under the influence of whisky my true nature had its sway I became quarrelsome and insulting. I would purposely provoke a fight, and in many instances got more than I bargained for, but never more than I deserved.

I did not follow this method of life without objections and warnings, both from my own conscience and from the friendly lips of others. I made many friends among those who worked with me, or were over me. Very often they would advise me to drop the habit that was pulling me down, but their words were wasted. The trouble was they did not seem to understand the true condition of affairs, but I did. I knew that I was

more than willing to drop the habit of drinking, but the habit would not drop me. It was my master. I had indulged and petted it for many, many years. I had fed it many times at dreadful cost to myself; thinking, always, that when the proper time came I would rid myself of it. But in proportion as it grew stronger, I became weaker, and I had settled down at last, a passive slave, but not contented.

Doubtless, some who read this will say all that was needed was a determined effort of will on my part. Ah! May God keep all such critics from ever knowing the pain and humiliation I have often felt when I failed miserably at the end of one of those "determined efforts of will," a daily fight lasting, perhaps, for months. The thing needful was the power of Almighty God; the living Christ that saves and keeps me today as He graciously has for more than four years past. This it is to be free.

Some day I purpose, God willing, to write a detailed description of the life of a laborer on public works—particularly of those who build and repair the river levees and the railroads of our common country. They are *sui generis*—living a nomadic life, working northward with the birds of passage in the spring, and flying south with the first signs of cold weather. Hardy and industrious, as a rule, while at work—frugal and saving to penuriousness until they have a "stake," as they term



their savings, then, away at break-neck speed for the nearest large city, beating their way thither in freight cars or on the steps of baggage cars in order that they may have a greater amount to throw into the greedy maw of some soul-less bar-keeper. For a few brief hours they are numored by the obsequious man behind the bar. Their foolish, maudlin sallies are uproariously laughed at and admired by the wretched crew of hangers-on that infests all such places. They are lavish with their money until the last dollar is spent, then they are soon plainly notified that the best, and, in fact, the only thing for them to do is to hunt a job where they can make another stake. And the astonishing fact remains that they go on regularly repeating this folly until disease or accident ends their miserable career.

This was the life that I had drifted into. I struggled against it; I resolved again and again that I would not be a prey to a lot of sharks; I would curb my desires, save my hard-earned money and try to get into a better position. But under the burning heat of temptation my good resolutions melted and vanished like untimely snow beneath the rays of a summer sun.

I did not give up the fight without an effort. I purposely sought and obtained work in Kansas because of the difficulty experienced there in getting intoxicating liquors. I worked for two years as fore-

man on an extension of the Santa Fe railroad, my headquarters being within a few miles of the Cherokee Strip, and a short distance from "No Man's Land." But that did not conquer the accursed habits that I had so long cultivated. My work on the track was so satisfactory, that an outgoing roadmaster introduced me to his successor as the most reliable man on the line. Yet, within two months of that day, I was the prominent figure in a disgraceful drunken escapade that nearly cost me my life, and that resulted in my suspension, for a few days, from my position.

In spite of this shameful act on my part, I resumed my work and managed, because of the absence of saloons, to so conduct myself that when during the following year the acting roadmaster was transferred to Oklahoma to prepare for the opening of that territory, through his recommendation I was appointed temporary roadmaster in his stead, by Superintendent Turner.

Why do I write these details? In order that the reader may thoroughly understand the fact that although I was possessed of a certain amount of ability and was very energetic and even industrious; yet I was so completely dominated by my passions and the evil habits of a lifetime, that I was powerless to hold out against temptation.

Through the kindness of friends I was placed as foreman at Guthrie, Oklahoma,

a few weeks previous to the opening, and when that much-talked-of event occurred. I was in charge of the track there. Of course, I made quite a sum of money. I had no scruples, and being on the ground when the rush came, I took advantage of my position. But it was ill-gotten gain, and never benefitted me a particle. I left there with a pass to Kansas City the following July, and the saloons and gambling hells of that town soon emptied my pockets.

So I went on year after year. Growing, not more depraved or wicked, for that I believe was impossible, but, less able to control myself for even a short period. Oh, how I hated and despised myself. At first I would hunt for a new job just as soon as my money was spent, being ashamed to loaf around the bar-rooms with empty pockets. In time, this feeling wore off, and I taught myself to sit and wait for other simple fools that I might satisfy my horrible thirst at their expense, even as others had drank at mine. But there was never any enjoyment in it.

Years before, I had said that if I only had an equal chance with other men—if I could but once get into a respectable position, I would show that I was able to hold my own against all comers, but I had gotten over that idea long ago. My own actions had proclaimed me a liar and foolish boaster. I could not hold a good

position when it was given to me. I might hold on for awhile, but failure was inevitable.

Let me cite one instance in proof of this assertion. In the early part of March, 1890, I left Kansas City to work on an extra gang for the Santa Fe Company near Hurdland, Mo. The pay was \$1.25 per day, and the work was extremely dirty and laborious, because of the wet weather. I was a stranger to all the officials, although I had worked for the company west of the Missouri River. In less than one month I had charge of a gang, and in July I was transferred to the Chicago division as assistant roadmaster under Charles A. Lehmann. My headquarters was at Streator, Ill., and there was every indication that there was room for me higher up in official life. Yet, on or about the first of October that same year, I resigned my position, candidly giving as a reason to Mr. Lehman for so doing, my inability to keep straight and sober any longer. A humiliating confession, yet it was the truth.

Change of scene made no difference in the result. I drifted to St. Louis, Mo., and obtained a position as foreman of extra gang for the "Iron Mountain" railroad in that city, but was compelled to leave through my unconquerable habit of drinking. I was tired of life and of myself, and I here solemnly affirm that again and again I stood face to face with the dread-



ful spectre of self-murder, but was restrained, I firmly believe, by the hand of a merciful God.

Looking back at the unutterable misery of those days, I shudder at their awful blackness, while my heart is filled with sorrow at the thought of the thousands who are in the self-same deplorable condition today. Yet, God's mercy is wide enough to take them all in, if they will but believe and obey.



CHAPTER XXII.  
A NEW REVELATION.



IN the spring of 1893, I came back to Chicago with the hope that I might gain some money in the great harvest of the World's Fair. When it was over, I was as poor as ever in purse, and a shade lower in my own and the world's estimation. During the summer I was interested in one of the many fake shows that infested the neighborhood of the Exposition. Carl Browne, who afterwards became notorious because of his connection with "Coxey's Army," was, for a time, the artist and also interlocutor of the show. I do not care to dwell on the experiences of that summer, except to say that it was, on my part, almost a continuous shameful drunken spree.

It is a matter of history that Chicago, in the fall of that year, was literally overrun with idle, poverty-stricken men from all parts of the world. Many of them had come to the city expecting to find remunerative and, perhaps, steady employment, but they had failed. Others, like myself, wasted every dollar that so easily came to

their hands during the flush days, and now, as winter drew near, they began to reap even as they had sowed. The first bitter cold night sent them by the hundred to the police stations for shelter.

And now I have to relate an incident that is really the reason for my having had the courage to write my life's story. My purpose through it all has been, I truly believe, to glorify God and help my fellow-men—especially those who are bound in the fetters that for so many weary years bound me.

One very cold night in December of that same memorable year, I stood, in company with a saloon associate, at the corner of Clark and VanBuren streets. Together we had left a dive on the West Side that afternoon, and had wandered in and out of saloon after saloon, seeking an opportunity to obtain a little money, but failing completely.

"Well, that's all there is to it," said he, as we left the last bar room and paused irresolute, on the corner. "It's no use tryin' any funder. I'm goin' to stay with a friend an' git sobered up and rested. I s'pose I'll see you tomorrer down at Palmer's?"

"I guess so," was my answer. I had been searching my barren pockets while he spoke, and found my whole capital consisted of one dime.

"I'm done up," I continued. "I want to get a night's sleep if I can. I've only got

ten cents left, and I hate to go back to the West Side tonight."

"Well, yer can git a bed fer that 'round here; but yer don't have to blow it in fer a bed unless yer want to. They're keepin' that mission open all night 'cause of the cold, and you can sit up there if you like." He said this very unconcernedly, and I listened without much show of interest, neither of us knowing at this time the glorious possibilities that were opened for me for all eternity because of my subsequent action as the result of those few words.

I laughed and made some jeering remark in reply. I walked a short distance south with him, and when we parted I retraced my steps, stopping in at a disreputable dive on my way back, where I spent my last cent. I waited a little while, hoping that some one who knew me would come in, that I might borrow a trifle or, at least, get a few more drinks, but none came, so I unwillingly bent my steps toward the Pacific Garden Mission.

After all, I had hardly sufficient courage to enter, but just as I came near the door it opened, and a wave of melody rolled out and as I stopped, undecided, some one pleasantly invited me in, and I slunk in. Heedless of the request to "go on up in front," I slipped into the first vacant seat and pressed over close to the wall. The place was warm and felt very comfortable, and I was completely worn out, so I

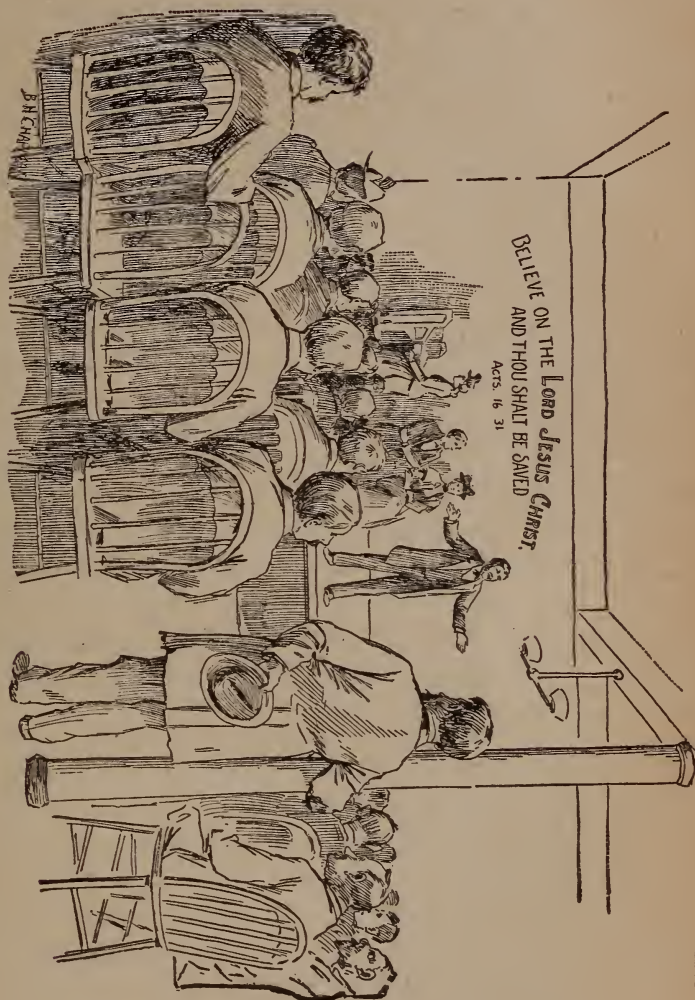


drew the collar of my coat up about my ears and, resting my shoulder against the friendly wall, I began to doze, despite the talk of a very earnest man who was occupying the platform. I wanted to sleep. I dreaded the moment when the vile liquor I had been drinking all day would die out in me, and my shattered nerves would begin to cry out for their accustomed stimulant.

My sleep, however, was banished suddenly by the whole congregation apparently breaking out in song. This was followed, I think, by one or two other lively hymns. I was always passionately fond of music; not even my depraved and vicious manner of life had robbed me of this blessing, so I rather think that I tried to help on some of the choruses. I don't know. One thing I do know. My attention was suddenly arrested by some words spoken by a man on the platform. He had evidently been speaking for a little while before I caught the tenor of his remarks.

"The convict's stripes and years in prison cell failed to reform me; but the power of Almighty God in one moment transformed me."

I looked up at the well-dressed, prosperous-looking man who was speaking, and wondered if I heard aright. His face was lit up with enthusiasm, and his whole bearing denoted earnest conviction. As he went on to describe his former life and



HIS FACE WAS LIT UP WITH ENTHUSIASM.

the wonderful things that he asserted God had done for him, I looked carefully around into the faces of my immediate neighbors to note what effect his words were having upon them. They were all attentive, but evidently not astonished. They seemed used to it.

It is simply impossible for anyone, save just such as myself, to appreciate or understand the effect these words had on me.

I had listened to sermons delivered by able and eloquent divines. Sunday after Sunday, I heard God's law thundered at my head, while an armed guard stood or sat near to enforce rigid attention. I had often been moved by the persuasive pleadings of Christian people, but for the first time, in a very checkered life, I heard testimony of God's love, mercy and keeping power from the lips of one who stood confessed as having been as black in crime; as deep in sin and shame, as even I.

I was not a church or mission goer. Even the street evangelist, I avoided, believing, in my shallow ignorance and conceit, that they were either fanatical fools, or worse.

The well-meant and kindly overtures of the chaplains of different prisons, I had always rejected, so that I had no conception or idea of the miracles of grace that are really of daily occurrence wherever sinful man permits a loving God to work His will. It was a new revelation to me.

The man beside me was, in appearance, just such another as myself. He bore all the symptoms of the disease with which I was afflicted.

"Who is that fellow?" I asked, "D'yer know him?"

In a very few words he assured me that the speaker's story was not only true, but he added something to it that heightened my interest in the whole strange tale.

"He's all right; he's no fake. He's a reg'lar religious crank—nutty, yer know,—and," he added, in conclusion, "lots of these fellows work him for their bed-money. You touch him at the door as he goes out, and he'll give yer the price of a doss."

While we were muttering together, others in different parts of the room were giving short, but intensely graphic testimonies to the wonderful change that had come into their lives since their conversion. Some had lived a clean life for years; others, according to their own words, had but just started, and although there was a noticeable difference in their dress and personal appearance—they all seemed to fairly beam with enthusiasm and fervor while trying to tell their stories.

So; I had been cheating myself all my life. This was the thought that burned its way into my callous heart as I sat there. I was convinced of the truth and sincerity of the men, and wondered, feeb-



ly, why I had never given myself a chance to hear of this marvelous thing.

God's love for man. Yes, I had heard of that, many a time. But I had naturally supposed, if there was any truth in the story, it was the well-behaved, the decent, and law-abiding, the church members, who were meant by the assertion of His love for man. How could any one, much less a righteous and holy God, care for such an unlovable wretch as I was. Why, I hated and despised myself. The thing I most desired was to be absolutely rid of myself. In my own estimation, I was worthless. Therefore, why should God esteem me of any value?

And yet, if the words I had heard were true—perhaps, after all, there was a hope for better things for me.

I have only a confused memory of the closing exercises. An appeal was made for those who desired a better life—those who were sick of sin, and truly sorry for their past—to come to the front, and some, I noticed, went forward, but I paid very little attention to the rest of the service. I was absorbed by a new idea.

I sat there all through the night. I dozed a little, but even in my broken sleep this new and wonderful thing interjected itself.

When the doors were opened in the morning, I passed out into the cold, cheerless street with the rest of the grumbling, disconsolate mob—some five hun-

dred in number, and as I hurried away from them, the supreme thought ruling me was a determination to speedily know more about this new revelation.

During the whole of that day I wandered about the streets of Chicago, looking in a desultory, impractical way for work, and, of course, finding none. I did not go back to my old haunts on the West Side—for some reason I felt a repugnance against so doing; but that feeling did not prevent me from going into saloons in various parts of the city to warm up, or try to get a bite of lunch. I suffered considerably for want of liquor. I was paying the penalty for my vicious habits.

Hungry, tired and miserable, I made my way back to the Mission again that evening, impelled by a burning desire to hear and learn more of this strange, new thing.

As I passed up VanBuren street, while yet some distance from the corner, I could hear the strains of the cornet shrilling out cheerfully on the cold air, and I wondered that I had been around Chicago so long without really knowing of this peculiar place of meeting.

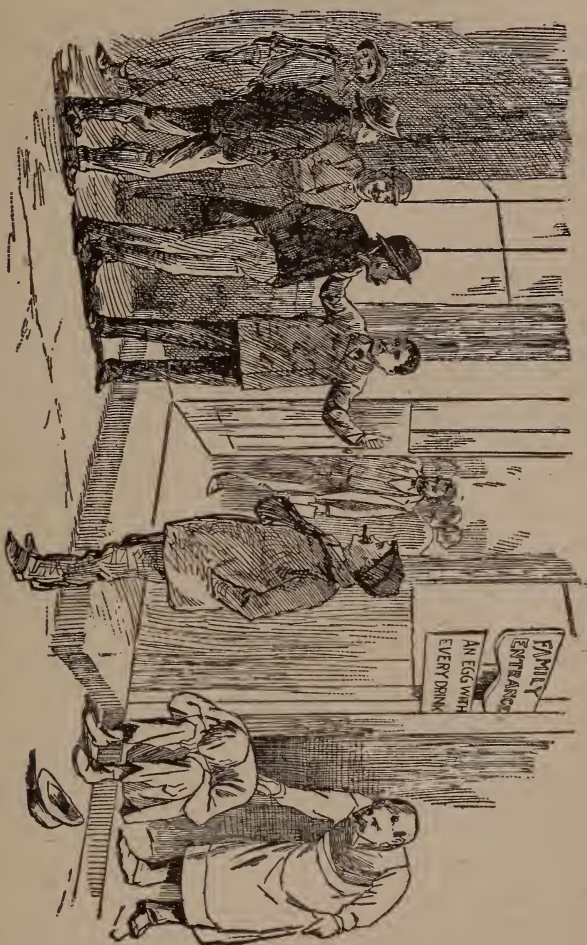
"Step inside, good people," a fellow with a voice stentorian, yet persuasive, was shouting on the street near the door. "Step inside. It's warm and comfortable, and you'll find a hearty welcome. You don't have to stay if you don't want to,

and everything's free. Go inside, old fellow," (this was addressed to me, as I came up), "and hear redeemed men tell their wonderful stories."

I went inside and seated myself near the stove. I rather enjoyed the singing, and then I sat, impatient, while some one on the platform delivered a sermon. It seemed interminable, but it was my condition of body and mind that made it seem so, I suppose. Again, I heard men and even women in different parts of the room publicly announce the depths of degradation, shame and crime in which they had lived previous to their conversion, and quite a number of them emphasized the fact that by God's power their lives had been completely changed in an instant; some asserting, positively, that the old habits that, in spite of good resolves, had ruled them for long years, had passed away so completely, that they had not even to fight any more against those appetites and desires, since they no longer felt them.

For four nights in succession I sat all night in that old Mission. During the service hours I listened to and took note of the speakers. I enquired among the hangers-on and regular attendants, and learned all that I could as to the present manner of life and antecedents of those that I had heard testify, more especially those who acknowledged a previous criminal record. As a wonderful tribute to

"GO INSIDE, OLD FELLOW."





the power of Almighty God I here assert that I found, in nearly every case, those men were living lives so consistent, abstemious, charitable and pure, that I was compelled to believe that some new power had come to them.

I had always been a very weak man, swayed by every gust of passion or desire, but in spite of this I possessed a fairly good power of analysis. In prison cells I had delighted to work on difficult problems, so that now it was quite an easy thing for me to see that if the stories of these people were founded on fact, then the power that availed to save—to recreate them, was at my call if I would fulfill the conditions.

"Certainly, it is for you," said the Mentor within me, changing his ground with lightning rapidity. The previous argument had always been, "You are an Ishmaelite; this thing, if true, is not for such as you."

"Of course, it is for you, but are you going to ask for it in the condition you are in? Straighten up; quit your boozing; get to work, clean yourself up and then when your appearance is at least respectable, come like a man and acknowledge your faults."

This was the gist of the thoughts that ran through my befuddled mind as I sat through those nights in that dear old Mission—God bless it and its workers. Like the ungrateful, wicked fool that I was, I

listened and consented to this specious pleading of the devil and closing my heart to God's voice, I went forth to make one more effort at self-reform.

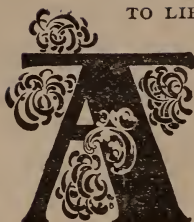
I could find no steady work. After a while the stress of weather and my poverty compelled me to join the ever-memorable gang of unfortunates that swept the public streets of Chicago, that winter; earning, by three hours work each day, two meals of bread and soup and a ticket for a bed at one of the many huge lodging houses that abound in that city.

I tried to quieten my conscience by saying that this was a step in the right direction; that it was much better than stealing, but deep in my inmost self, I knew that it was as much loss of my old-time nerve and ability as anything else that kept me from crooked acts. I hated the position I occupied. I was bitter against the onlookers, even when I detected pity in their faces. I said, over and over again, to myself, "Well, this is the worst of all your experiences, Tom, and should be a lesson for you." But it wasn't.

When the celebrated English journalist, Stead, transformed himself into a tramp, for the occasion, in order that he might have practical knowledge of the workings of this peculiar relief system, and be able to write with authority thereof, I was, also, to my shame be it recorded, one of the gang that handled shovel and broom on the streets that day.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

TO LIBERTY, LIGHT AND LIFE.



SHORT time after this, while working on the streets, I, in company with nine others, was hired by a contractor named McSorley—still a resident of Chicago—to pull down a house on South Halsted street, opposite Meridian. The job was given to us by contract. Mr. McSorley furnished the necessary tools, and by the choice of the men I was given the position of boss or foreman. Being, all of us, absolutely penniless, the contractor was compelled to find us a restaurant wherein to eat, and be our security for pay when the job was completed. In addition to this, he gave me, each night, sufficient money to pay for our lodgings.

In spite of a terrible snow-storm that occurred at this time, we got through with the job in good time. The contractor had privately agreed to give me ten dollars extra if I used extra care in saving timber, doors and windows in the work of razing the building. He paid us in full, deducting of course, the amounts owing for bed and board. Then he gave me, personally, another contract to pull down a two-story stable in the rear. He promised me a steady and good position with him through the then coming summer. I

thanked him and determined, more than ever, that I would live a changed, a clean life.

It was about noon when we were paid off for the first contract. I took five of the fellows in with me on the new work, letting the others go, and in McSorley's presence we commenced tearing the roof off of the stable. He watched us for probably an hour; then left with a word of encouragement; expressing the hope that the job would be finished in as short a time as possible.

After he left, the thought came to me that the men would work a great deal faster if they had a drink. They deserved it for the good work they had done on the previous job. I didn't need it, myself; oh, no! not at all. One drink would do no harm, but would stimulate the men to more active work. I went over to the corner of Meridian street and bought a bottle of whisky, buying an extra drink for myself at the same time. The bottle was emptied in short order, and its effect was seen in the rapid movements of the men. Then another bottle, and some beer was sent for, and in a short time work was ended for the day, and we carried our tools, for safety, to an adjoining saloon.

Late that night I staggered up the steps of the "System" lodging house, on South Clark street, in a truly deplorable state. When I awoke, near noon the next day, I

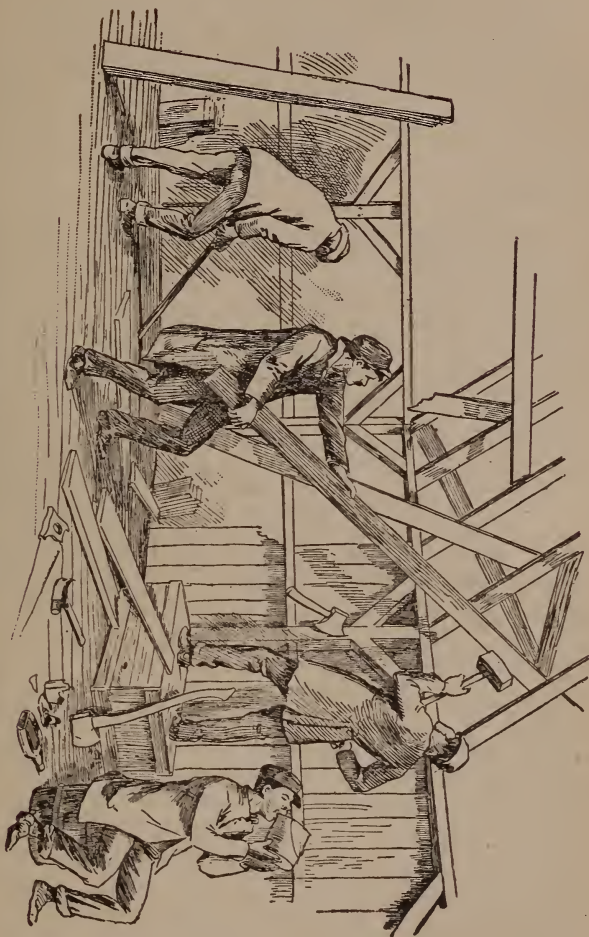


felt more wretched than at any time in my whole, miserable, worthless life. I was all battered and bruised; I had not one cent left in my pockets. The only decent garment I owned in the world—my overcoat—was gone, and I here confess that I saw nothing before me but death.

This was the result of my resolutions for reform. I was fitting myself truly to be a proper subject for God's mercy. I had aimed to become respectable, and this was the outcome. I longed for death and oblivion, but, thank God, I feared to take the necessary step.

The rest of the fellows were in nearly as bad a plight as I. They induced me to get up, and some of them having a little money left, we went to a near-by saloon to steady our nerves. They tried to persuade me to go back and finish our contract, but I refused, decidedly. The idea of going to that man and confessing that, after he had taken me off the streets, and given me work, advancing money for bed and board, I was so utterly worthless and weak that I could not keep straight for even one day after I had money, was altogether beyond me. I could not face him. Street-sweeping was more endurable than that, so I went sullenly back to it, while the other men went back to Halsted street and, after a little delay and some scolding from McSorley, they completed the job. He was kind enough to send several messages to me, urging me

"ANOTHER BOTTLE AND SOME BEER WAS SENT FOR."



to come to work, but I could not, or would not, do it.

I think the recital of this disgraceful episode in my career must convince any candid and impartial reader that I was not only an extremely weak and worthless man, but that I had gotten into such an awful condition of body and mind that I was incapable of doing right, although my very existence depended upon my so doing.

The following weeks were inexpressibly dreadful to me. My appearance, sad as it was, altered greatly for the worse. I noticed that children and dogs shunned me, and some of the habitues of lodging houses and barrel houses who were acquainted with me, seemed impelled to lecture me on my manner of life. I hated and despised myself and knew that I was contemptible, but it hurt grievously to have to listen to the comments of such as these, even while drinking at their expense.

I went to the Mission very often at night, impelled by a power that was inexplicable. I tried to make myself believe that the testimonies were untrue. Again, and yet again, I left there at the close of the service saying there was nothing in it, and swearing that I wouldn't waste my time by going there any more. But, thank God, I went back in spite of all my bluster.

On Saturday, March 24, 1894, I went out as usual, and worked the regulation num-

ber of hours on the streets, receiving, as was customary, extra tickets for meals and bed for the next day—Easter Sunday. There was a great deal of talk about discontinuing the work, because with the end of winter times were improving. I paid very little attention to this. I was unconcerned. I was hopeless, and cared nothing for the future for which I had no plans. I had come to the end.

I made my way to the Mission that night and as I leaned against the wall and looked about at the crowd of men, if I had any recognizable desire or wish in my heart it was that I might see some one present who knew me, who had the price of a drink. In sober earnest, after a great deal of careful consideration at intervals during the past four years, I write the above as my honest conviction as to my state of mind that Saturday night.

Something must have been said that impressed me, unusually, for I found myself reviewing the scenes and incidents of my life, and I must say that I found very little comfort in the retrospection. In the midst of it all, someone testifying, cried out, pleadingly: "Oh, fellows! Jesus loves you." I can't explain it; I will not attempt to do so. I only know that something within me stirred, piteously, as I heard the words. Fountains, long dry, were unsealed, and my eyes were wet with unaccustomed tears.

An appeal was made for those who de-



sired the prayers of the Christians present, to hold up their hands. I essayed to do so, but failed. My arms seemed weighted down by external pressure. But the leader, dear Harry Monroe, did not stop at that. In a voice full of inspiration he urged those who had raised their hands and any others who wanted to quit their hard, barren life of sin, to come up to the front and show their determination by giving him their hands.

I turned to the man beside me—a lodging house acquaintance—and said, “good bye,” and as I said it I arose and pushed my way to the front of the platform, where I fell on my knees, rudely repulsing everyone who came near to advise or console me.

I felt that no one could understand or appreciate my case. I knew that so far as my effort was concerned I was incurable. It was life or death with me, and I was afraid they would talk of minor ailments. I did not know of the large hearted God-given sympathy that is possessed by every true Christian, so, in my moment of despair, I turned away from their words of loving counsel.

I tried to pray, but failed. The words came back to me, hollow and meaningless. The same voice that had previously said “Wait till you are respectable,” now assured me it was “too late.” But he is the father of lies.

When everything seemed darkest, a

young man came to me and by the absolute power of God's own Word, convinced me that if I was penitent for my past misdeeds, and had an earnest desire to "cease to do evil and learn to do well," God's love as shown in the sacrifice and death of His Son, was large enough to forgive the past and sustain me for the future.

I believed His Word, and an indescribable calm took possession of me. I arose and thanked God for His mercy and goodness, and went back to the lodging house conscious that I was a changed man. For how long? Thank God, for eternity. Like one of old who said, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see," even so is it with me. I entered those Mission doors that night, intemperate, dishonest, profane and altogether vile; and I declare before all men that as I knelt there the habits that had dominated my life fell from me like a filthy garment, and I walked forth a free man, master of myself.

I was a lonely man. In all the world, there was not one that I knew would care to hear of my conversion. I had no relatives, nor even friends, but He, who trod the winepress alone, walked beside me, and His presence, sympathy and love has sustained ever since.

By appointment, the next morning, (Easter Sunday), I met the ruddy-cheeked lad who had so kindly and efficiently held up God's promises to me the previous

night, when my soul was despairing. He was a divinity student at the Moody Institute, and as I entered the room where the students were gathered for morning service, a new and peculiar sensation of peace and rest swept over me. They were singing "Beloved; now are we the sons of God, etc.," and my soul said, almost triumphantly, "This is my heritage and portion, also."

A little later in the day I, in company with my young student, attended the converts' meeting at the Mission, and there, in trembling, uncertain tones, but with a true and holy purpose in my heart, I publicly announced, for the first time in my life, that I had forsaken and renounced, by God's help, forever, not the evil habit of drunkenness; not my ingrained dishonesty, not any other of the impure habits that had disgraced my life and had made me a burden and nuisance to the world, but my sins.

My hearers kindly greeted me and spoke re-assuringly of my future. The warm clasp of their hands and the evident sincerity of their words sent me back to the miserable lodging house that Sunday afternoon with an unwonted glow at my heart. I hardly knew what to expect or where to turn for work, but I was resolute in one thing. I would do my best and trust in Almighty God.

I was a changed man, and I knew it. I had no fear of the future, although I

was penniless and, seemingly, man-forsaken. One text that I had heard somewhere in the past, kept ringing in my ears, and I appropriated it to my own especial use. I knew not, at that time, where the words were to be found, but I now know that they form the last clause of Ps. 84:11.

"The Lord will give grace and glory! No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."

I was destitute and out of work. I was sure that I had found forgiveness, and now among the many good things that were ahead, I confidently expected work. I went out to look for it and, of course, found it.

On the first day, in company with another man, a convert, I walked down into the neighborhood of the World's Fair grounds—some five miles from the lodging house—and we earned sixty cents between us, moving furniture. I cannot tell how much that thirty cents meant to me as I walked lightly back that evening. It was not a great sum, but it would suffice to pay for supper, bed and breakfast, and that was all sufficient for the present.

The next morning the snow was falling when I awoke, and a gloomy pall hung over the city. My partner was crest-fallen. "There," said he, "that's always the way. When a fellow starts out to do right, there's something sure to turn up to hinder him."



But I felt absolutely light-hearted. I had been at the Mission the night before, and had declared, publicly, my faith in God's power and willingness to keep that which I had committed to His charge. That meant my bodily needs, as well as my soul's welfare, and I was sincere in my testimony.

"We'll be all right," said I, "this snow will only make work for us. Come out and get some breakfast, and you'll feel better."

After eating, we started out in the falling snow to look for work, but we had scarcely gone a block before he commenced grumbling and prophesying failure on our part. After a few words we parted, he going back to the lodging house to wait for better weather, while I turned north on LaSalle street, determined to hunt work until I found it.

Before I had gone quite a block, I saw a colored man come out from an entry carrying a pan of ashes and dirt. With a prayer for help, I asked him for work.

"Can't you give me a job?" said I. "Haven't you any windows to clean, or coal to carry up?"

He looked at me very kindly and answered: "You come back here about 10 o'clock and mebbe I'll find you some-thin' to do." I thanked him.

As I crossed the street, diagonally, passing under the shadow of the Woman's Temple, I was so elated that I felt as if

walking on stilts. The snow was softly but steadily falling, and was being trodden into slush by the feet of the throng going to their morning work, but what did I care. I knew that my needs would be all supplied. I walked along triumphant in the knowledge that I was master of myself and of my own fate.

My condition and environment has wonderfully changed for the better, since that morning, nearly five years ago, but my heart is stirred once more with gratitude to God as I recall the events of that peculiarly happy time. I had gotten into a new world and felt myself a new man.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE HAVEN OF REST.



HE snow-covered streets appeared in a new aspect to me as I looked about from point to point in search of a possible job of work.

Just at the moment that I came to the corner of the alley, nearly opposite the Y. M. C. A. building, an elderly man, with a full dark beard, was sweeping the snow from the curved iron steps.

"Let me sweep those steps for you, mister."

He turned as I spoke, and pleasantly answered: "Oh, I guess I can do it myself."

"I'll sweep them for a nickel," said I, "I'm out of work, and you won't miss it."

"Here! I'll give you ten cents," was the reply, as he handed me the broom. Then he showed me what he wished me to do, and I swept away, happy and more than contented, although the wet snow oozed through my old broken shoes.

I finished up three or four doors from the corner in front of an office that stood

a few feet below the street level. My employer stood looking on through the window at me and, tapping on the window, he beckoned me inside.

"That'll do; You have done well. Now, this gentleman wants to speak to you."

One of the men had come from behind a desk, and as I turned to face him, he held out his hand toward me and said: "Our janitor has told us you're out of work and he told us, also, of your offer to work for such a small sum. Now, here's a little token of our appreciation of your spirit. It's only a little, but we hope you will put it to good use."

"Yes," said a smiling young fellow looking at me quizzically over the top of his desk, "Whatever you do, don't go on a protracted spree and waste it all in riotous living."

The amount was thirty-five cents, and I felt that the young man was good-humoredly trying to make my position as easy as possible for me. God bless him. My heart was too full with gratitude to God for this manifestation of His care for me, to be at all critical as to the words that came with the gift. I thanked them heartily, and as the janitor paid me the ten cents I had earned, he pointed out the janitor of the adjoining building, with the remark that I could probably get a job from him.

As I walked away, he said: "You can have the use of this broom and shovel if



you want it and, if you don't get work, come back at four o'clock and I'll have another job for you."

I interviewed the other janitor, and the result was I found work with him cleaning windows, scrubbing paint, etc., etc., for the remainder of the week at one dollar and a quarter per day. He even gave work to my new mate, but, for some reason he only kept him one day.

I went regularly to the mission, and after the close I had the privilege, nightly, of walking from Van Buren street over to the doors of the Moody Institute in company with the young student (C. I. McLane) who had been instrumental by God's grace, in leading me into the light. On the way I would give him a brief account of the day's experience, and he would show me promises in God's Word. We would stand at the door until the closing hour and then, with a word of encouragement and blessing from him, I returned to my quarters on the south side. I have lived a very happy, peaceful life since then, but there was an exquisite charm about those days that I find impossible of description. I was living in a new world and everything was transfigured by the brightness of Divine light.

I will not attempt to detail the successive steps by which, from digging cellars, beating carpets, and catching odd jobs of day labor, I worked myself slowly, but surely, into my present enviable position,

but there are some incidents in my upward march, that I cannot afford to omit.

Some two months after my conversion, I found work cleaning horses in a stable on West Washington street. The hours were very long, and the pay very small, but I was happy. The workers at the Pacific Garden Mission were in the habit, during the summer months, of attracting attention to their evening meetings by singing and testifying while standing outside of the mission doors on the street. This, of course, draws a crowd, and induces many a poor soul to enter who, otherwise, would have passed by. I was soon able, in spite of certain cowardly fears, not only to take part in these exercises, but to enjoy them, and look forward while at work through the day to the evening hour, with pleasant anticipation.

One evening, as I stood at the door, after the singing, the leader, Harry Monroe, called on me to state in a few words to the audience, the reason for our out-door demonstration. From a saloon, almost opposite, a man came wandering aimlessly out. He stood for a moment listening to the cheerful ring of the cornet mingled with our enthusiastic singing. When the music ceased he started for a near-by saloon, but the sound of my voice across the narrow street, brought him to a wondering stand-still.

"I thought so," he muttered, as he looked over at me. "I thought I knew that

voice. That's Tom, sure enough; but what kind of a layout has he got into, now? Some new graft, I'll bet."

He strolled inquisitively across and stood among the crowd. When I had finished my short talk, he came to my side and began to question me. He was a former associate of mine; being engaged, with me, in a fake show during the World's Fair the previous summer. I found great difficulty in convincing him that I was really transformed; and he left me evidently very dubious as to my sanity or else of my truth.

However, at my invitation, he came to see me at my work, and in a short while I got him a situation in the same stable. He worked very faithfully for awhile, and would occasionally visit the mission, but gave no sign. In a few months he lost his position through drinking, and drifted out of the city, westward.

On a certain Sunday afternoon, the following summer I, with others in a gospel wagon, had been visiting various corners of the down-town district of Chicago. At each point we had been favored with an attentive audience, and we went back to the mission for the evening service, hopeful of good results. The room that night was crowded as usual and, after an address when the customary appeal was made, a large number stood up and came forward for prayers. Among the number—in fact, one of the first to rise—was

my quondam friend. God's love had won, and he made a complete surrender.

He afterwards publicly testified that he tried hard to believe at first that I was working some new crooked scheme; then, that I was harmlessly, but completely, demented. He went west, but amid the dissipation and recklessness of his daily life, even at times in saloons the thought of what he had seen and heard in the Mission would cause him to come to a pause and think seriously on his ways. One day he was ejected from a train, some miles west of Omaha, and he started to walk the track to an adjacent station. Walking the ties, he found at his feet a bright colored card which on investigation proved to be an invitation to the Pacific Garden Mission. It was nothing of itself. Just one of the many thousands given out yearly by the workers of that grand old spot. Probably some poor fellow had thrown or dropped it from a box car. There it was, only a card, but it had a Divine message to that man.

He determined to go back to Chicago. One place was as good as another to him; so he would see if those fellows were still hugging that delusion; if they still practised what they preached. He came and, thank God, found that His grace and keeping power was sufficient.

That was more than three years ago, and his dear old mother lifted by his labors from a life of loneliness, of hardship and



## *TOM FOGARTY*

penury; happy now in the company of her beloved son, is never tired of telling of the wonderful joy that has come to her in the evening of her life.

For nearly two years I made my living by hard, laborious work. I enjoyed it, thoroughly. Of course, my earnings were small, but they were more than sufficient and I nearly always had a trifle for the other fellow. I met many friends who were willing to assist me. Some proffered financial help, while others advised my becoming a traveling evangelist, they manifesting a generous willingness to provide the necessary funds for a preparatory course of Bible instruction. But, for certain reasons, I felt compelled to thankfully decline their aid.

I had become inspired with the idea that the Word of God should be literally followed. Now, when I read Paul's charge to the Ephesians; wherein he, speaking by the power of the Holy Ghost, commands those who have stolen to steal no more. "but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth;" this I felt was a distinct and personal message to me and all of my kind.

The president of the Chicago Boston and Liverpool Refrigerator Car Co., for whom I worked for some time, was urgent in his expressed wish that I should enter the field of mission and evangelistic labor, but at the risk of offending him, I was obliged

to deny his proffers of help, because I believed that a powerful ingredient for good in my testimony and in my appeals to former associates, especially, was the fact, which I have always emphasized, that salvation for me meant not only peace and freedom from former habits, but also the power to earn my daily living by daily labor.

God has wonderfully blessed me. He has given me physical health and has renewed my youthful vigor. I am now in my fifty-third year and feel to be at least ten years younger than at the time of my conversion. I was a lonely man, without kith or kin. He has brought love and love-ties into my life. It has been my blessed privilege to be permitted to speak before many thousands of people, in churches, missions, assemblies and on street corners, and God has given to me the felicity of seeing good fruits therefrom.

One of the temptations against which I have had to contend has been the well meaning but, I believe, unwise advice of Christians. Again and yet again I have been exhorted to let the dead past bury its dead, in the sense that I should not go into details, but, if I wished to testify, content myself with the admission that I had been a great sinner, yet God had saved me. Sometimes they would go so far as to argue that my testimony would inevitably prove detrimental to success in making a living. That it would even prove

a barrier to close friendship. But I felt that I must tell my story whatever the result might be, and, of course, I have found the facts to be just the opposite of their prediction.

It was to be expected that I would experience difficulty and up-hill work in winning my way into any position of trust or where my fellow-workmen were particular as to the antecedents of their associates. I knew myself to be an accurate and rapid accountant and book-keeper, but employers needing the service of such are justly careful to enquire as to former employment and character of applicants for the position. I could scarcely refer them to a state's prison contractor for proof of my ability. Again, I was thoroughly determined to testify, in season and out of season—if that be possible—to the saving mercy of God and of the depth of degradation and sin out of which His grace had raised me. The result would inevitably be that some one in the office would naturally object to being associated on equal terms with a self-confessed ex-criminal and ex-convict. I foresaw and expected these difficulties and others of the same general tenor, but I was not dismayed. From the first I believed, as I still believe, that God had a work for me to perform; and that the way would be opened for the accomplishment of His design when the proper time arrived. I enjoyed the exquisite thought that the

remnant of my ill-spent life was being mapped out and fashioned by the loving hand of the omnipotent God of the universe.

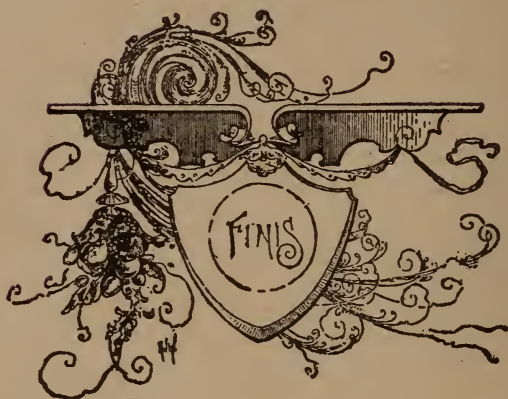
In His own good time He led me to the position I now occupy. Two years and eight months ago, as I write, I was given a temporary position to address envelopes, etc. It was understood that my engagement was not permanent, but I felt very glad to be able to lay by a little for the approaching winter, and I was elated to think that although in a minor position, I was helping to send abroad into thousands of homes some message of God's infinite love.

The outcome has been more of a surprise and wonder to me than even to the many friends who have been lovingly watching my life. Instead of being a menace to society, hunted from pillar to post, ordered out of town, literally told to "get off of the earth," I have won the love and respect of a host of friends and hold a position of influence and respectability in the community. I have a happy home, and my only care and sorrow is that I have not served Him better. This, and a thousand fold more, Almighty God hath done for me. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. To Him be all the glory.

My story is done. My constant prayer



is that God may use it to His glory and the salvation of others, whether their early lot in life was surrounded by careful, loving attention and watchful affection, or even if their environment or life story was as dark as that of Tom Fogarty.



NOV -1 1944





